

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

MINOT J. SAVAGE



Class PS 2779

Book .S3A7

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



America to England

and

Other Poems

By

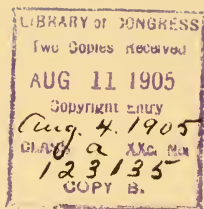
Minot J. Savage

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

1905



COPYRIGHT, 1905
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS



The Knickerbocker Press, New York

DEDICATION

To her whose loving eye divines
Rare meanings writ between the lines,
And on whose ear oft falls a tone
Caught by the listening heart alone.
But shall I to the world disclose
Her name? Enough to say, she knows.

Preface

IN his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, Pope writes,

I lisped in numbers—for the numbers came.

I can hardly say that, with perfect truthfulness. I sometimes wonder if Pope himself could. But I have been writing rhymes ever since I was seven years old. My father—a farmer—offered the munificent reward of one cent a page—nothing said as to size—for all I would write in the way of original composition—either prose or verse.

When some of Mr. Beecher's parishioners complained because he said so many witty things in the pulpit, he told them that they would appreciate his reticence if only they knew how many witty things he refrained from saying. So, although I have published a great deal of verse, my friends would appreciate my self-denial if only they knew how much I have *not* published. The world in general has a way of protecting itself by declining to buy or read.

During a life of hard work, verse writing has been my recreation or play. If it has served no other purpose, it has enabled me to escape, now and again, from the tragedy and burden of the real world and find recuperation by wandering in the ideal lands which lie "East of the sun and West of the moon."

As poetry was my first, so it is my last love. Hood somewhere says that there are three grades of work in this kind: 1st Poetry; 2d Verse; 3d Worse. I have written floods of "Verse." I fear I have written a large quantity of "Worse." I venture to hope I have also written at least a little "Poetry." A good many years ago I printed a volume of Poems. Some of it I trust is worth keeping; much of it I know is not. I have also printed a volume of Hymns. The present volume contains selections from them, together with some things which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, and some others which have not before been printed at all.

Acknowledgment is due to *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century*, the *Arena*, and others for permission to include in this volume certain contributions which have appeared in them.

My frail craft must now take its chances

with a thousand others on the vexed sea of interest and opinion, and float or go down as friends, the great public, or fate may decree.

M. J. S.

NEW YORK, 26 June, 1905.

Contents

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| AMERICA TO ENGLAND | I |
| THE CITY OF IS | 5 |
| BY THE RIVER | 8 |
| PAN'S REVENGE | 13 |
| THE EBBING SEA | 19 |
| LOVE AND DEATH | 21 |
| TWO SHIPS | 23 |
| A MODERN FAIRY TALE | 24 |
| THE SONG OF A MAN | 26 |
| THE ANGEL OF LABOR | 30 |
| AMERICA'S BIRTH | 33 |
| HAIL ! TRUTH | 35 |
| GOD'S WHISPER | 36 |
| TO A FRIEND | 38 |
| THE 136TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS | 40 |
| "SIXTY" | 44 |
| MY GRANDSON | 46 |
| ONE HUNDRED YEARS | 49 |
| VERSES | 57 |
| LINCOLN | 65 |
| THE DEAD PROPHET — WENDELL PHILLIPS . | 68 |
| MORALS AND RELIGION | 71 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| WHAT REWARD ? | 74 |
| PHILLIPS BROOKS | 77 |
| TO LOWELL | 78 |
| ROBERT COLLYER | 79 |
| J. G. WHITTIER | 80 |
| MARTINEAU | 81 |
| CHARLES HOWARD MONTAGUE | 82 |
| EMMA LAZARUS | 83 |
| JESUS | 84 |
| GEORGE O. CARPENTER | 85 |
| TO A. F. BRADLEY, PHOTOGRAPHER | 87 |
| SONG OF THE SANDMAN | 88 |
| MATING SONG | 90 |
| THE PLEA OF THE MOUNTAINS | 92 |
| CARCASSONNE | 95 |
| MARY'S DREAM | 98 |
| SEEKING JESUS | 107 |
| RESURGAM | 111 |
| SHINE FORTH, O TRUTH! | 114 |
| MADONNA | 116 |
| "YOU DID IT NOT" | 119 |
| THE SHADOW | 121 |
| BUDDHA'S PARABLE | 122 |
| THE MYSTIC HOPE | 124 |
| LOVE ETERNAL | 125 |
| I HASTE NO MORE | 126 |
| "AD ASTRA " | 127 |
| HYMN | 128 |
| MORNING | 130 |
| THE CHRISTMAS SEARCH | 131 |

Contents

xi

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| EASTER LONGINGS | 134 |
| TO TRUTH | 139 |
| PRAYER | 141 |
| EVOLUTION | 142 |
| THE AMERICAN SONG | 143 |
| MY BIRTH | 145 |
| THE FORBIDDEN SONG | 148 |
| THE HOUSE OF THE SOUL | 150 |
| LIFE'S WONDER | 153 |
| HIDDEN SPRINGS | 158 |
| MOTHERHOOD | 161 |
| ONE LEFT | 163 |
| THE PEOPLE | 164 |
| THE SEA'S SECRET | 167 |
| THE CAT-BIRD | 172 |
| THE LEAF | 176 |
| ONLY A LEAF | 177 |
| LONELINESS OF TRUTH-SEEKING | 178 |
| GOD MADE OUR LIVES TO BE A SONG | 179 |
| PURSUIT | 180 |
| IN COMMON THINGS | 181 |
| THE OLD PROBLEM | 183 |
| INFIDELITY | 184 |
| CALIBAN | 185 |
| NEVER WEARY | 186 |
| WHERE IS GOD? | 189 |
| THE PESCADERO PEBBLES | 190 |
| GOING TO SLEEP | 192 |
| LIFE FROM DEATH | 194 |
| GALILEO | 195 |

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| MAGELLAN | 196 |
| KEPLER | 197 |
| DARWIN | 198 |
| RALPH WALDO EMERSON | 199 |
| ALL THINGS NEW | 200 |
| "MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER" | 201 |
| COMPENSATION | 202 |
| WISDOM AND BEAUTY | 203 |
| MAN'S CRITIC | 204 |
| MRS. POYSER ON WOMEN | 205 |
| FORTUNE | 206 |
| THE SHADOW ON THE BEACH | 207 |

America to England

And Other Poems

America to England

THE youngest of the nations,
Grown stalwart in the West,
Yearns back to where each morning
Glow's o'er the ocean's crest,
And cries: O Mother Country,
Ours is your ancient pride,
And, whate'er may befall you,
Our place is at your side.

Ours are the old traditions
Of Saxon and of Kelt;
We visit rare Westminster
And kneel where you have knelt.
Your restful country places,
Hills, lakes, and London town—
Their memories we inherit
And share in their renown.

Your Avon is our Avon;
Song knows no border line;
The stars their radiance mingle
Which in one heaven shine.

America to England

Within your "Poets' Corner"
Longfellow's gentle grace
With all the august shadows
Is given a welcome place.

Your mighty men of science
Who 've made the world anew,
Transforming earth and heaven,
Wrought not alone for you.
From Newton up to Darwin
Each, from his truth-built throne,
Nods greeting to our homage—
We claim them for our own.

You fought the fight for freedom
And taught mankind the creed;
Long ere our "Declaration"
There was a Runnymede.
We won at Appomattox,
But you had won before;
Our Bunker Hill and Yorktown
Look back to Marston Moor.

Our Washington and Lincoln
Were of your sturdy stock—
Cut out of Milton's quarry,
One piece with Cromwell's rock.
Our Pilgrims learned the lesson
That English means the free,

And through the wintry weather
They brought it over sea.

Here in the West grown mighty,
Though we alone might win,
We look back to the Home Land
And feel the thrill of kin;
Then let us stand together
Till over all the earth
Our manhood and our freedom
In every land have birth.

One vision let us cherish—
That, as the years increase,
We two may teach the nations
To love and welcome peace.
But should the war-cloud gather
O'er Neva or the Rhine,
And should the threatening navies
Wheel into silent line—

Then, when the peaceful heavens
Are darkened in eclipse,
May our two lightnings mingle
One thunder from our ships.
We need but stand together
To hold the world in fee,
And to the noblest issues
Control the age to be.

America to England

Then let this glorious vision
 Along our pathway gleam
As up the future leads us
 The Seer's, the Poet's dream.
One race and one tradition,
 English, American,
And one high inspiration—
 The destiny of man!

The City of Is

I N the weird old days of the long ago
Rose a city by the sea ;
But the fishermen woke one startled dawn
On the coast of Brittany
To hear the white waves on the shingle hiss
And roll out over the city of Is
And play with its sad débris.

For the city had sunk in a single night ;
And 't was only yesterday
That the bride had blushed in her young delight,
That the priest had knelt to pray,
That the fisher cried his wares in the street,
And all the life of the town complete
Went on in its old-time way.

And still the city lies under the sea,
With each square and dome and spire
Distinct as some cherished fair memory
Of a vanished heart's desire,

The City of Is

That once like a beautiful palace stood
Rock-based, to defy the wind and the flood,
Time's crumble and tempest's ire.

And as the memory, buried deep,
O'erswept by the flooding years,
Will still its shadowy old life keep
With ghosts of its joys and tears,
So still, in the wave-drowned city of Is,
The people live over, in care and bliss,
Their shadowy hopes and fears.

When the sea is rough—so the sailors say—
And the sunny waves are green,
And the winds with the white-caps are at play,
The tips of the spires are seen ;
And peering down through the lucent deep
They glimpses catch of the city asleep,
Agleam with its fairy sheen.

And on boats becalmed, when the lazy swells
Sleep lulled by the idle air,
They hear, sweet-toned, the low music of bells
Roll calling the city to prayer.
So ever the shadowy joy of old
Rings on ; and ever sad bells are tolled
To echo a soul's despair.

Each life is a sea that sweeps above
Its sunken city of Is,—

The long-cherished dream of a cherished love
 That only in dreams we kiss.
 What yesterdays are sunk deep in the soul
 Above whose lost treasures to-day's waves roll,
 To mark what our sad hearts miss!

Oh the glimpses rare of the submerged past!
 They gleam in the light awhile,
 They mock us with visions, that may not last,
 Of faces that used to smile;
 And now and then, from the busy to-day,
 The echoing tones of the far-away
 Our listening hearts beguile.

But not in the sunken city of Is
 Shall the heart its treasures see;
 No pilgrims forlorn to an old-time bliss
 And a vanished past are we;
 For all the glad music of olden-times
 Are only faint echoes of grander chimes
 That ring in the time to be.

By the River

DEAR town! How peacefully it sleeps
Clasping the river in its arms,
While Time, as softly by he creeps,
Wakes with no sound its drowsy charms!

Still sleeps my vanished childhood there;
I but go back, and all is mine:
My playmates' shouts rise free from care,
And endless afternoons still shine!

The elm trees stand beside the brink
And look down in the river clear;
They know me, as of old, I think,
And murmur as I nestle near.

And thou, just there across the road,
Old Meeting House, where unseen feet
Still haunt the place where once there glowed
Devotion's flame with Calvin's heat,—

The fire burns not, as once of yore,
Upon thine altar: as flows on

The river to return no more,
The prestige of thy past is gone!

The shadowy form of Change flits by
On wings that, passing, brush my eyes,
And lo! in vision I descry
The outlines of the centuries.

I see the fetich-worshipper;
I see piled graves to altars grown;
The Ganges flashes; then there stir
The priests around some blood-stained stone.

The buried shapes of Egypt start;
Assyria, India, Greece and Rome:
Old temples glorified by art,
With sky, man-copied, for a dome.

I see, above Gehenna's vale,
The gold-tipt pinnacles aflame,
'Neath which blood writes the awful tale
That celebrates Jehovah's name.

Then, while the temple stone from stone
Is rent in ruin, o'er the loss,
As lightning 'gainst a cloud is shown,
There flashes high th' avenging cross.

By the River

So ages pass. The gentle souls
Who gave their lives in gentle deeds,
With background oft of priestly stoles,
Or fagots shaped to cruel creeds.

A Torquemada's hate I see,
A Bruno rapt in vision high,
A Luther loud for liberty,
Servetus glad for truth to die!

Then, swept by blasts of hate more strong
Than biting Winter's bitter breath,
I see a ship that flees from wrong,
And fears a falsehood more than death.

These, bearing seed whose future yield
Shall leave their cherished faiths outgrown,
Storm-driven, plough the watery field,
As oft God's sowers do, alone!

So tread I in my vision dim
The pathway that the race has trod,
Past crumbled altar, voiceless hymn,
The shades of many a long-dead god!

But, dying into higher life,
I see the wondrous process lead
The stumbling race, through peace and strife,
To nobler thought and grander deed!

The heart of Evolution opes
And shows the secret it conceals;
Still loftier lives and sweeter hopes
And higher worships it reveals.

'T is God then all the way, more near
Than is the day's light or the air;
And when He seems to disappear,
Lo! He surrounds us everywhere!

Roused from my revery, I turned:
Beneath the elms, across the street,
The windows in the old church burned
To gold as sunk the sunset sweet.

I heard the old-time worship there,—
The preacher's voice, the sounds of praise:
I saw gray heads bowed low in prayer,
And lived again my childhood's days!

Then said I, "They would count it loss
To see their forms and faith decay;
'T would seem denial of the cross—
These new thoughts of the later day.

"But I can smile as Calvin's face
Fades out the pulpit there above,
While Law is lifted to its place—
A law whose inmost heart is love.

By the River

“And as I look on, up the years,
I muse not on the old that 's gone,
I gladly see, o'er cloudy fears,
The flushes of a fairer dawn!”

So flow, sweet river, from the hills,
Flow down and far and out to sea;
I, in the faith my heart now fills,
From past to future go with thee!

So, like the river, flow O years!
From God to God thy course must run!
Through toil, blood, rest, hopes, smiles, and
tears,
Some day shall finish what 's begun!

I love my childhood's pictured dreams,
I love the pieties of yore,
But up the years I catch the gleams
Of promises that lure me more!

Would I go back? Nay, nothing 's lost;
The good of all the past is fair
In life's great future; so, at cost
Of shadows, I will find it there!

Pan's Revenge

The legend runs that, at the hour of the agony of Jesus on the cross, when he cried out, "It is finished," certain mariners heard a wailing voice sound over the sea—"Great Pan is dead!" Immediately the Oracles became silent; for Paganism had expired.

A CROSS the waves there swept a tone
As if the dying gods made moan.
The mariners (with faces white,
And parted lips, and hush of fright),
The while they furled their sails, stood still
with dread
As wailed the dolorous cry, "*Great Pan is
dead!*"

There seemed to come across the sea
A sob of mortal agony
From One who, more than mortal, cried
" 'T is finished! " as the sad day died.
Then wailed Olympus to the answering sea,
"Lo! thou hast conquered, man of Galilee!"

One summer, one fair, wondrous night,
Whose round moon flooded with her light
The modern city's Papal dome,
And crumbling ruins of old Rome,
I sat upon the Coliseum's wall,
And dreamed how earth's great empires rise
and fall.

I thought how, through the day just gone,
From church to church I 'd wandered on,
Had seen in rite and heard in prayer
Old Pagan Rome still living there:
And, as I mused, my lips moved, and I said—
“And is it true Christ reigns, and Pan is dead?”

Then, rising on the evening wind
From Tiber's banks, where he 'd reclined
The sultry afternoon all through,
Pan¹ came; and on his reed he blew
The same old music that the gods had thrall'd,
Or charmed the nymphs to follow where he
called.

And as he piped, upon the evening clear
The winds were voices chanting in my ear:—
“I take more shapes than Proteus; they
Who thought the Great God Pan to slay

¹ Pan was the wind-god. He slept through the heat and waked to play his pipe at evening. He also stood as representative of universal nature.

But little dreamed, when they had sealed my
doom,
That I should spring new-christened from the
tomb.

“For still the city is my home,
And I reign over ‘Christian’ Rome.
What boots it that the names are new,
While rites and prayers and service due
Are paid as when the yellow Tiber rolled
Past the Pantheon with its dome of gold?

“The thronging pilgrims come from far
To Peter’s grand basilica;
But wearing Christian Peter’s name,
Stands Tonans Jupiter the same,
Exalted still within the highest place:
They kiss his feet and sue his ancient grace.¹

“Though under other forms it be,
Still reigns my mystic Trinity:
And Isis-Mary from the Nile
On Horus-Jesus² still doth smile.
The goddess-mother and the virgin birth—
My old-time dream—still dominates the earth.

¹ The so-called statue of Peter is really a bronze statue of Jupiter Tonans, the Thunderer.

² The Virgin Mother and her child belonged to more than one pagan religion. In one case at least, the statue of them is ancient Egyptian rechristened. This particular Mary and Jesus is really Isis and Horus.

“When comes the winter solstice, all
Still hold my Saturn's carnival;
The Sun-god's birthday sets the date,
And with his rites they celebrate
Their Jesus' unknown birth: the wood-god's
tree
Still lures to town the sylvan deity.¹

“Still Easter² keeps alive the tale
Of her who, rapt from Enna's vale,
The sad earth mourned through wintry hours,
Till back from hell, all crowned with flowers,
She came, the goddess fair of light and bloom—
Earth's prisoned life burst from her frozen
tomb!

“My Buddha's vanity of life,
His hermit, fled from child and wife;
The fear of nature³; and the awe
Of magic put in place of law;
The mumbled prayer, the pessimistic wail—
All these tell o'er again the old-time tale.

¹ The Christmas evergreens are a relic of the pagan worship of the wood-god. By bringing the trees into the houses it was supposed that he would be induced to follow.

² It is well known that the origin of Easter is the spring's resurrection. See story of Persephone.

³ The vanity of life and the doctrine that all matter is evil—these ideas are importations from Oriental paganism.

“High o’er the altar, and the door,
On darkened windows painted o’er—
That fitly shut out natural light—
My emblems still my soul delight:
The naked church if stripped of what was mine
Were bare of symbol, robe and rite, and sign.¹

“Their heaven is not so fair the while
As was my blest Elysian Isle²;
And never Pagan oracle
Voiced such a god as built their hell.
My heaven was human; and I knew no air
That echoed with a measureless despair.

“But for their wondrous Nazarene,
That star-soul, lofty and serene,
Their whole religion is my own:
I sit, baptized, on Peter’s throne.
While rite and dogma and the priestly power
Usurp Christ’s place, still lasts my ancient
hour.”

A spirit’s mocking laughter blew
The crumbling gates and arches through;
While low the wind sank, and the moon

¹ Every rite and symbol of Christianity may be found in the older religions.

² See Greek and Roman doctrines as to future life.

The temples mellowed with night's noon:
And in the arena's shadows down below
Fought once again the shades of long ago.

I lived the "Christian" centuries o'er,—
The Papal pomp; the Corso's roar;
The purchased sin; the banished thought;
The hindrance to man's progress wrought;
The real Christ still 'neath the Church's ban;—
And then I said, "*Thou art revenged, O Pan!*"

The Ebbing Sea

THERE is a sea whose mystic tide
Beats ever round our earthly shore;
Perchance it somewhere comes to flood,
But here it ebbs forevermore.

Who steps into its darkling waves
Is swept out by the undertow;
While, hidden by the o'erhanging mist,
Whereto they drift none ever know.

A boat comes; and, from out the air,
A call that but the summoned hears:
Some loved one then, with wondering eyes
And pale face goes, despite our tears.

Is there a land beyond this sea?
Sometimes there looms a vision fair,
And the mists lift; but is it real,
Or a mirage built on the air?

Sometimes a wind from off the sea
Wafts landward faint, sweet odors strange:
Are they delusive? or are there
Rare flowers beyond all death and change?

I stoop down listening on the shore:
Is it a whisper that I hear?
Or does my longing fancy feign
These voices that enchant mine ear?

Oh that some friend from o'er this sea
Might come back, with the word of trust,
And make me know that love still lives,
That soul is soul, though dust be dust!

Love and Death

ONCE, walking through a sunny glade,
Young Cupid stopped and caught his
 breath,
As, shuddering, he beheld a shade
 The young Immortal knew was Death.

“And wherefore, from thy realms below,
Dost thou invade my pleasant places?
To blanch red cheeks with love aglow,
And for the grave mark youthful graces?”

Thus Love; and added: “But for thee,
Thou keeper of the shadowy portals,
Life were one long festivity.
Why hatest thou these sorrowing mortals?”

Then Death, with gentle voice, replied,
“O thoughtless Love! Art not aware
That, should life's pleasant things abide,
Men would not count them half so fair?

“What rose that rivals beauty’s bloom,
Whose red her bosom makes more pale,
But buys new value for my doom,—
A tenderer love for being frail?

“Dost thou not know that loving arms
Clasp closer, with more passionate breath,
When passing hours ring their alarms,
And lips snatch bliss from waiting death?

“With how much tenderer words men speak
When looms the shadow on their sight!
They would not blight with tears the cheek
They kiss—perhaps—its last good-night!

“How knowest thou, O Love, but this,
The bitter drop with which I dash
Life’s cup, but adds a keener bliss
Thou wouldst destroy with kindness rash?”

Death ceased, and Love looked down awhile.

“Yes,” said he, “thine are words of worth:
While eyes can weep and eyes can smile,
Between us we will rule the earth!”

Two Ships

THE heavy mists trail low upon the sea,
And equally the sky and ocean hide,
As two world-wandering ships close side by
side

A moment loom and part; out o'er the lee
One leans, and calls, "What ho!" Then
fitfully

A gust the voice confuses, and the tone
Dies out upon the waters faint and lone,
And each ship all the wide world seems to be.

So meet we and so part we on the land:
A glimpse, a touch, a cry, and on we go
As lonely as one single star in space.
Driven by a destiny none understand,
We cross the track of one 't were life to
know,
Then all is but the memory of a face.

A Modern Fairy Tale

IN many a legend old
The story weird is told
Of how some maiden fair
Foes in enchantment hold.

The sleeping beauty lies
Deaf, dumb, with sightless eyes,
Shut from the outer air,
Fair earth, and sunny skies.

Then comes the Prince and breaks
The evil spell, and takes
Her hand, while from her sleep
To love and life she wakes.

Then all the commonplace
Of life is clothed with grace,
And love and wonder keep
The glory of her face.

Spell-bound, deaf, dumb, and blind,
Our Helen Keller's mind
In weird enchantment slept
The walls of sense behind.

The Prince of love and truth,
Thrilled with divinest ruth,
 His watch beside her kept,
In pity of her youth.

He touched her where she lay—
For love will find a way—
 And woke her sleeping soul,
And gave its powers free play.

She speaks, she hears, she sees!
Deaf, dumb, blind still, all these,—
 Her soul transcends the whole,
And walks abroad at ease!

What ancient fairy tale
One moment can avail
 To match the truth sublime
By which its wonders pale?

In old-time "age of gold"
Were no such marvels told
 As mark the present time,
And as the future hold!

The Song of a Man

I N the swirl of the fire-mist of undated ages,
God was in the energies teeming to birth,
Till the rings globed to planets, and chaotic
rages
Were tempered to form, and outshone the
green earth.

Then, born of sea-ooze, from the jungle aspir-
ing,
Life swam, crept, flew, leapt, as unfolded
the plan,
Till upright on his feet, and his eyes heaven-
desiring,
His cry grown to voice, earth was crowned
with a man!

Then, on through the slow, savage ages unrest-
ing,
God-spurred to he knew not what wonderful
goal,

The Song of a Man 27

Through blood and through tears his high
 birthright attesting,
Man climbed from the beast to brain, heart,
 and a soul!

As all he could dream of divine was enfolded
 In his wonderful self that his skill sought to
 scan,
So the rites of his mystic religion he moulded
 To the worship of God in the guise of a man.

We dream of the future, with yearning eyes
 peering
 Along up the pathway of æons untrod,
And still we but know, as the goal we are
 nearing,
The Kingdom of Man is the Kingdom of
 God.

The crown of the world, of religions, of races,
 Of all that gives effort's achievement its zest,
Is but truth and but love shining out of the
 faces
Of men all sublimed to their noblest and
 best.

So what wonder, O Boston, if all our hearts
 sought him?
The travail of earth and religion's high plan,

And the struggle of civilization have wrought
him:—

For man is life's triumph; and he was a man!

It is thus that he touched us, the high and the
lowly;

He called us to manhood as being divine;
He taught that life's most common duties were
holy;

That the dewdrop and star with the same
lustre shine.

So, over all fences of creed do I greet thee,
Thou fellow of all noble souls that have
wrought

In all ages and nations, that now, as they meet
thee,

Will give thee the welcome thy service has
bought.

For no, thou 'rt not dead, and the world has
not lost thee;

Thou walkest our streets still, although thou
dost tread

The paths where the noble ones gone may
accost thee;

A double life thine, whom we speak of as
dead!

O city he honored, how now will you praise him?

To what he aspired let the city aspire!

Will ye out of hard stones a cold monument
raise him

Whose heart was so soft and his spirit all fire?

Yes, mould of the bronze his grand stature,
great features,

And then, by the church that he loved, let
him raise

The voice, heard though silent, for all of God's
creatures,

Till the years grow decrepit and Boston de-
cays.

But, make honest your markets, your politics
purer;

Sick souls and sick bodies go comfort and
heal;

Go, make simple justice 'twixt man and man
sur;

Go, thrill to high honor the whole common-
weal!

Go, make Massachusetts the handsel, the
earnest

Of all earth has striven for since time began;

His life and his teaching thou 'lt know when
thou learnest

A man's truest monument must be a man!

The Angel of Labor

“F^{OOT} and hand and head are weary
As I plod along my way:
None escapes the curse of labor
Oh that life were made for play!”

Thus I cried, one tired evening,
As I sat within my room,
While the twilight's deepening shadow
Suited well my inward gloom.

Did I sleep, or was I waking?
For from out the shadow came—
Grand of form, with face benignant—
One who called me by my name—

“I,” said he, “am God's strong angel,
Sent to lead the human race
Up the toilsome path of progress
From its lowly starting place—

“All you 've grown to, or accomplished,
All you hope, you owe to me;
Yet you talk of my hard bondage
While 't is I who set you free.

“Look far down the winding pathway
To the jungle of your birth:
See how I have lifted, crowned you,
Made you King of all the earth!

“What is it that makes you human?
Brain to think, and hand to do!
From the beast, strange transformation!
These I made and gave to you!

“Then, beneath my inspiration.
You have hewn the forests down,
Turned the deserts into gardens,
Left the cave and built the town.

“Wind and steam I ’ve taught to aid you,
Bade the magnet be your guide,
Till the oceans are your highways,
And on every sea you ride.

“Arid plains no more divide you;
Mountains separate no more;
All the products of all nations
Now are nigh to every door.

“Factories hum to clothe and feed you;
Knowledge hurries to and fro;
Art stands ready with her beauty;
All the skies with promise glow.

“Are you weary? Sleep then, sheltered
’Neath the roof that I have built;
Then go on to make to-morrow
Fairer, better, if thou wilt.

“And remember, while to better,
Nobler things you onward go,
All you own, above the bestial,
You to me, strong Labor, owe.”

Wakened now, I looked about me,
But the form I saw had fled.
Fair the earth lay in the moonlight,
And the stars were thick o’erhead.

Then I rose, and in my doorway
Stood and overlooked the town;
Saw the fields stretch to the river,
And the distant mountains brown;—

Thought of all the good and beauty
That had crowned my common life;
Thought of all the wide world’s blessing
Man had wrought through toil and strife.

Then I said, “Hail, blessed Labor,
Toil of hand, and thought of brain!
Thou indeed art God’s strong angel
Teaching Joy to conquer Pain.

America's Birth

SO long had despots ruled the earth,
Man had been crushed so long,
That Liberty, to prove her worth,
Must spring, all armed, to mighty birth,—
Not right alone but strong!

In clash of arms and battle-smoke
Her puissance must show
That now, at last, a power awoke
To smite old wrongs with deadly stroke,
And answer blow for blow!

The hour had struck: on Concord farms
Beside the gentle stream,
All unappalled by war's alarms:
Plain manhood Empire met in arms:
So hasted on man's dream!

“Fire!” Rang out brave John Buttrick's word;
Still British every man
Were they who then fate's order heard:
The hammer's click on each conferred
The name—American!

And ever since that hour had birth
This thing has come to be,—
“America” has won this worth,
That now it stands, o'er all the earth,
The name of Liberty!

Hail! Truth

N^O power on earth shall sever
My soul from Truth forever—
In what-e'er path she wander,
I 'll follow my commander.
All hail! all hail! beloved Truth.

Whoe'er the foe before me,
Where-e'er her flag flies o'er me,
I 'll stand and never falter,
No bribe my faith shall alter.
Lead on! lead on, thou mighty Truth!

And when the fight is over,
Look down upon thy lover;
He asks for well-done duty,
To see thy heavenly beauty.
Reveal thy face, celestial Truth.

God's Whisper

THE resinous breath of pine-trees,
The shade of mountains brown,
The strong pulse of the ocean,—
All these bring back to town.

Its pictures,—sea and hill range;
Sunset, moonrise, and plain,—
The artist dreams but paints not,
Transferred to heart and brain;

A breeze of vital nature,
With vigor to sweep clear
Religious, social customs,
And tone our atmosphere;

The smack of simple manhood,
That beggars wealth or place,
That, through all false conventions,
The clear-cut truth can trace;

The sense of the Eternal,
That broods o'er sea and earth,
Through which all noble feeling
And high resolve have birth,—

All these—the gifts of nature,
If one have ears and eyes—
Brought back to town, may teach thee
Thy kinship with the skies.

Thou child of God, through nature,
Choose still this better part;
And thou shalt hear God's whisper;
And feel his beating heart!

To a Friend

WHO GAVE ME A LILAC BUSH

SO often I dream of the garden,
Which bordered the dusty old road,
Where fairies called butterflies flitted,
And bees grumbled under their load,—
The garden which holds o'er my manhood its
spell
While tales of my boyhood dear memories tell.

There were bushes all fragrant with roses,
Red currants and gooseberries green,
Cucumber and melon vines creeping,
And herbs sweet as ever were seen;
And just by the end of the old house a row
Of lilacs all purple and tall used to grow.

Just under my old bedroom window
The lilac trees stood in their bloom,
And when I leaned out in the morning,
Their fragrance came into the room;
So now, as I yield to the memory's spell,
Once more I their dew-pungent odors can smell.

So, thank you, dear friend, for the giving
Of more than you knew you 'd bestowed ;
You 've given me back the old garden
Which bordered the dusty old road ;
You have given me back the dream-lilacs which
grow
. In the sweet fairy land of the dear long ago !

The 136th Anniversary of the Birthday of Burns

DEAR Robert Burns, the years are flying,
And all along Time's roadway lying
Great names, like fallen leaves, are dying;
But thine is seen
A leaf on Life's tree, death defying,
Still fresh and green.

A peasant child, the State could find thee
But some low task to which to bind thee,
So she to penury resigned thee,
Like penny-wise man,
Nor saw the proud wings bound behind thee,
A poor exciseman.

The Church, through creed-blind eyes that
scanned thee,
A heretic rebellious banned thee,
Nor knew what wings of angels fanned thee
With breaths of truth,
Nor heard the higher voice command thee
With loving ruth.

When shone thy star o'er all declension,
Society's cheap condescension
For its amusement deigned attention
 To thy great name;
But who would now their lordships mention
 But for thy fame?

The learned, blinded by their letters,
Saw thee in ignorance's fetters,
Too proud to bow before thy "betters,"
 Nor dreamed that thou
Wert one to whom all men, as debtors,
 One day would bow.

O Poet, born of Scottish heather,
Of daisy blooms and misty weather,
Aurora tints, star-beams, no tether
 Thy fancy bound
To heaven's height, or hell's deep nether,
 Or sight or sound.

The scented winds o'er Ayrshire blowing,
The Doon amid its grasses flowing,
The plough, the mouse, the daisy growing—
 These knew thee poet;
Now all earth's winds thy thoughts are strow-
 ing,
 And all men know it.

The cotter, 'mid his children kneeling,
The eldrich fear Tam's blood congealing,
The louse o'er Fashion's bonnet stealing—
 Things mean or grand—
Thou 'st wrought to lesson's of high feeling
 With magic hand.

Oh, peasant-born, thy heart of fire
Taught all earth's lowly to aspire,
The real to seek with high desire,
 The coin to scan,
Than stamp of rank to value higher
 The God-made man.

Oh, truer than thine age's preaching,
Thy heart of sympathy outreaching,
Enfolded in its sobbed beseeching
 The lowest hell;
There rings out in thy hopeful teaching
 Death's own death-knell.

Thou wast no saint; but, man or woman,
Who knows what 't is to be but human,
What hounds of passion still pursue man—
 And we are such—
Will hear God's whisper of the true man,
 "Thou lovedst much."

We walk God's earth, though few men know it;
"The eye to see, I will bestow it,

Make him of common things the poet,"

Great Nature said ;

"The hidden glory, he shall show it

Where'er men tread."

While stars shall wander their blue spaces,

While spring flowers seek their old-time places,

While hearts beat and, from human faces,

Love looks out fair,

We 'll con the lines thy genius traces,

Dear Bard of Ayr!

“Sixty”

THEY say I 'm Sixty: what of that?
Well, Sixty, so I 'm told,
Means that beneath the human hat
Are signs of growing old.

Well, signs or no signs, it is true
I do not feel that way;
Never the sunrise, flowers, or dew
Were fresher than to-day.

The sea, the hills, the stars at night,—
Yes, all this wondrous earth
To me are still unworn and bright
As at creation's birth.

Friends are as dear and love as sweet—
As dear, *as* sweet? Not so!
They 're dearer, sweeter, as the fleet
Years come and smile and go.

The shadows? Yes: they 're not forgot.
The eyes at times grow dim;
And I would give—what would I not?—
For one old look of him,—

Of him who went so bravely out,—
 Out where I cannot see;
 But tears can never make me doubt
 'T is well with such as he.

In spite of illness and of pain,
 In spite of work and care,
 The years have brought so much of gain
 The smile of friends they wear.

So,—well, I travel bravely on;
 There must be good before;
 Since, oh, so fair was what is gone,
 I 'll wait what 's still in store.

I 'm Sixty; but I look for light:
 'T was sunrise years ago;
 But, as the earth turns through the night,
 Another dawn will glow.

My Grandson

Born September 14, 1895

SO fresh you are from—who knows what?
You must know much which we 've forgot.

Then Langdon Savage Simons, let
Me ask you now, ere you forget—

Is George Macdonald's story true
Of how you got your "eyes so blue"?

Was Wordsworth right? Do babies know
What wise men seek in vain below!

Did you leave heaven at your birth,
And come down stairs of stars to earth?

Was your first use of breath a cry
Because you had to leave the sky?

And when in sleep you smile, is 't true
Your playmate angels talk with you?

Is 't that you earth's new limits feel,
That fists strike out with angry zeal?

The babblings you to mamma teach,
Are they fond bits of heaven's lost speech?

And in your solemn silences,
Do you still hear high harmonies?

You look so wise, we fain would know
The problems which you ponder so.

The moon you 'd grasp: does it recall
Old contests at celestial ball?

You clutch with most determined hand,
As one once used to high command.

From what high station did you come
To rule a common, earthly home?

So close you seem to life's fresh heart
The secret can you not impart?

Still silent! Well, we then will fold
You to our hearts, the mystery old!

Homunculus, could we but know,
What currents through that small brain flow,—

We 'd know the mystic meaning then
Of heaven and God, of earth and men!

But we can love, and this shall be
The solving of life's mystery!

You cling to us; and we in turn
The trust in your sweet eyes will learn.

"A little child shall lead them"; so
The prophet said of long ago.

"Of such the kingdom"; so one spake
Who bore life's burdens for love's sake.

Some day a child like you shall see
The kingdom which is yet to be.

Your silence means not lips grown dumb;
Perhaps from heaven you did not come;

No matter! In such tiny hands
Is hidden power whose high commands

Shall shape the earth anew, till here
The dreamed-of heaven shall appear!

So, welcome! though we old folks know
When new kings come, the old must go.

One Hundred Years

GEORGE PEABODY, ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH

HERE we stand upon the summit, looking
back a hundred years,
Down along the weary pathway men have
climbed in toil and tears.

As we gaze, the vision rises of the wonders
they have wrought,
All the glory of their striving, all the triumph
of their thought.

Weakest born of all earth's creatures, all the
rest he holds in rein,
Standing upright, skyward looking, by the
secret in his brain.

Long and long the slow-paced ages waited for
the fateful day
When the period of his nonage, his weak
youth, should pass away.

He had made the still air vocal by the magic
of his lips,

He had taught the winds to bear him o'er the
sea in wingèd ships :

He had taught the fire to serve him in the
fusing of earth's ores,

He had borne the battle's thunder round the
ocean's echoing shores :

He had made the marble plastic as he caught
some beauty's gleam,

Parthenon and vast cathedral bodied forth his
waking dream :

Wings of type he gave his fancies, and they
flitted o'er the earth,

Kindling in the hearts which caught them
visions of heroic worth.

But the old earth waited, waited, dimly seeing,
through her tears,

Hunger, hate, and sorrow vanquished by the
better, gladder years.

For the earth still hid her secrets, and her man-
child sought in vain

How to wield her subtle forces as the sceptres
of his reign.

So behold him, half-developed, but one hundred years ago,
Ships slow coasting, teams slow plodding, all
his life-work hard and slow.

But I see, in vision rising, all the old earth
passed away;
Lo, a new heaven arches o'er us, ushering in a
fairer day!

Man at last has grasped the secret, like the
magic lamp of old;
At his feet earth's fairies, giants, lay the
wonder-powers they hold.

He commands, and lo, the mountains, tun-
nelled, levelled, quick obey,
While the rising valleys hasten thus to build
the king's highway.

Lines of flashing steel are gleaming, and I hear
the tread afar
Of the fiery-hearted dragon harnessed to the
lordly car.

Oceans long time called the pathless are but
ferry-ways at last,
Where the smoky-nostrilled racers all the
white-winged ships rush past.

Then the fire-beaked cloud-bird, flashing wild
across the stormy sky,
Perches on the hand of Franklin, folds his
wings and nestles nigh.

So protean is his nature that he takes a thousand forms,
Docile now to human uses who was once the
god of storms.

Shakespeare's Puck, the idle boaster, forty
minutes would require
Round the earth to put a girdle; but the
genius of the wire

Asks a flashing second only round the globe
his thread to bind,
While the outworn Puck, hard-breathing,
lashes on the lagging wind.

Changing now his shape of magic, Ho! he
cries, bend down your ear!
Through a thousand miles of distance voices
speak and we can hear.

Change again, and he, a drudge, is laughing
'neath a monstrous load,
Or, as if in play, is dragging cars along the
common road.

Change once more, and see, our cities, once so
shrouded in their nights,
All outshine the stars in glory, flashing with a
thousand lights.

Millions are the tireless fingers, steel or iron,
whose magic skill,
Shaping forms of use or beauty, hasten to obey
his will.

All these wonders are but promise of the
wonders yet unborn;
Every day on tiptoe standeth waiting for the
morrow's morn.

For earth's foster-child, acknowledged, all his
sorrows overpast,
All the world's resources mastered, shall find
home and peace at last.

But, as yet, amid the marvels which on every
hand increase,
Palace-shadowed, Labor suffers and can only
dream of peace.

Men are selfish, men are grasping; and the
weak ones sigh and moan,
Trampled by their stronger fellows who the
beast have not outgrown.

Here and there above the brutal, climbs some
man to heart and brain,
Sensitive to others' sorrow as to his own keen-
est pain.

Here and there one gathers riches, for his own
joy not alone,
Holding wealth in trust for others, counting all
of his their own.

From the dim, far off, first ages, poets, seers
have seen a day
Brightening over some far future all whose
clouds have fled away.

For our earthly conquest mocks us, if, along
the dreary years,
Still the many miss joy's pathway for the blind-
ness of their tears.

So, beyond all other triumphs, glad we hail the
nobler man ;
Crown of all material glory is the soul that will
and can !

Let the old earth be but peopled with strong
brains and tender souls,
Then no heaven can be fairer than the vision
that unrolls.

Few they have been? But they have been;
and the harvest 's in the seed;
Lo, I see the glad fields waving, and the end
of human need.

Let the wide earth be foundation; on it build
a pediment,
Wherein every human triumph, gain and gold
shall all be blent.

Then, upon its lofty apex, seen afar o'er every
land,
Crown of all, of all the glory, let a human
figure stand.

Let his eyes be kind and tender, let his hand
be open wide,
In his face let all that 's human be lit up and
glorified.

So stands Peabody before us, goal and crown
of all the race,
High o'er all material greatness, holding so
his fitting place!

Wonders of a century's progress, put them all
beneath our feet;
Let them serve the human in us, so the man
shall be complete.

Let the one man grow to millions, till the
earth, from sea to sea,
Thrills beneath the happy footsteps of the race
that is to be.

Verses

Read at dinner of Union League Club, Chicago, February
22, 1895.

THE greatest of births of the earth's lab'ring
ages,
Sore travailed in pain of the dimly seen plan,
The vision of poets, the dream of her sages,—
The State which gives order and freedom to
man!

As man was himself the prefigured, enfolded
In all the low life which climbed up to his
day,
In flocks and in herds was the crude pattern
moulded
Of human society æons away.

Ere man became man, in groups winged or
four-footed,
Was the mother-love, father-love, brother-
love born
Which, deep in the heart of the infinite rooted,
Smiles brotherhood, anarchy laughing to
scorn.

This builded the home, the first state, and,
 enshrining
 Within its pure precincts the promise men
 saw
In vision, far up the dim ages outshining,
 Mankind all one family, love the one law.

Through blood and through tears the bright
 vision pursuing,
 Enslaved, beaten, tortured, the race has
 climbed on,
Spite of passion and ignorance, ever renewing
 The hope which, though flickering, flamed
 still and shone.

From the East to the West migrating tribes
 passed it,
 The torch which has followed the sun on his
 way,
From Asia, from Egypt, Greece, Rome, till at
 last it
 O'er Europe shone out with its promise of
 day.

In forests Germanic, on stormy Norse high-
 lands,
 The light caught the eyes of the sturdy and
 free,

Till the kings and the bishops of England's
brave islands
Saw portents which augured the manhood to
be.

A Church and a State without crozier or sceptre,
All ruled and all rulers, a brotherhood blest
At last revealed Liberty,—long had God kept
her
To walk the new earth men had found in the
West.

Last born of the ages, O Country the dearest
On which shines the sun as he lights the glad
earth!
Thou God who in heaven our gratitude hearest,
Give us grace half to prize her magnificent
worth!

We see him to-night who fulfilled Time's pre-
vision;
The ages had waited, and lo, the man came!
Gone now the king's scoff and the noble's
derision,
The world crowns with honor great Washing-
ton's name.

Calm statesman! Yet broke from his calmness
 wrath-flashes
 To blast, like the lightning, aught low or
 aught mean;
Serene were his glances, but under his lashes
 Hid sword-blades for treachery swift-drawn
 and keen.

He saw up the future with vision prophetic,
 Where loomed all the dangers which threaten
 this hour,—
The spirit of faction, the sleep apathetic,
 The climbing of conscienceless scoundrels to
 power.

O friends, let us listen, for still he is speaking.
 The gift of the travail of all of the past,
The State which the weary world long has been
 seeking,
 The hope of the poets and seers, shall it last?

Oh, trust not the dream that 't will outlast the
 spirit
 Which thrilled it when Liberty first gave it
 breath;
No "Manifest Destiny" ever can clear it,
 When Folly drives onward to breakers and
 death.

What perils beset us? See ignorance voting,—
As strong, reckless pilots steer wildly nor
care;

If dreaming of safety, in confidence doting,
We let the ship drift, it will go—tell me
where!

Hear the tramp of the immigrant thousands
that throng us!

We welcome them? Yes, but what tongue
do they speak?

Till reborn American, let them not wrong us,
Or exile the freedom they came here to seek!

The foreign allegiance of those whose pre-
tension

The State would subject as a province of
heaven—

Disloyal the oath which distracts our attention
While poisons in secret their unhallowed
heaven!

When money, not character, makes legislation,
When rights are exploited to favor the few,
When justice is exiled, God pity the nation
Shipwrecked for the salvage by plot of the
crew!

When the city's own aldermen wait on the
lobby,
The power without that 's all hands and no
heart,
A slotted machine grinding out its pet hobby,
Whose action the weightiest penny will start ;
When workers are "hands," and the man we
are slighting,
When the corporate conscience is made out
of gold,
When the canker of greed every industry 's
blighting,
When justice grows timid and robbery bold ;
When bosses defiant are snapping their fingers
At law and at order all over the land,
Then the doom that delays and all patiently
lingers,—
The flight back to heaven of Freedom 's at
hand.

Do I dream of such doom in this day of our
glory?
Nay, friends, I 'm but reading you God's
changeless law ;
Do we choose to repeat the old world's tragic
story?
The lesson relentless we 've only to draw.

Th' Eternal will change not ; on one sole condition

Can men or can nations win life and win peace.
The laws of life broken, in vain all petition ;
Obedience only from death can release.

The star of God's promise arose o'er this nation,

And eyes dim with tears saw it gleam in the skies ;

Shall it fall from its orbit of bright, brief duration ?

Then where o'er the sad earth again will it rise ?

The world is not old, 't is the break of the dawning :

His serpents young Hercules crushed, in his strength ;

So those that our slime of corruption is spawning,

Rousing up, our young giant will strangle at length !

Let the men who are men, who hate meanness and lying,

Be true to the vision that Washington saw,
Then the wrong that disgraces, no longer denying,

Will bow to the forces of order and law.

The fruit of the tears and the toil of past ages
We hold as in trust for the ages unborn;
Let us write the word "*just*" on our country's
fair pages,
Lest our children reproach us with pity and
scorn.

One oath let us swear,—By the God who is o'er
us,
By the thousands who 've lived and who 've
died for our land,
By Washington, Lincoln, the great gone before
us,
The hope of the world, our dear country
shall stand!

Lincoln :

THREE EPOCHS OF HIS LIFE

I

THE CALL

“**T**HE rail-splitter!” So did the scoffers cry
When from the backwoods, tall, un-
gainly, gaunt,
The stripling came. He heeded not the
taunt;
For he had split rails well. And now his eye
Was fixed upon a higher destiny.
The pine-knot light by which he conned the
lore
Of his first books became a star, and o’er
The future shone a beacon from the sky!

He ’d dreamed a dream. When, in his flat-
boat days,
He drifted to New Orleans, there he saw
A slave-mart, and a woman’s back lash-
scarred.

Then did he swear, his prophet soul ablaze,—
“*If ever, Hank,*” said he, “*the time and law*
 Give chance, I’ll smite this curse, and hit it
 hard!”

II

THE TRIAL

The time drew on. With Douglas for a foe,
 He stood, a knight who had not won his
 name,
 He stood, to battle nor for gold nor fame,
But, girt with simple manhood, all aglow
With faith in man, he fought but to lay low
 The foes of manhood, and to prove there,
 then,
 That, white, black, yellow, *men were always*
 men;
And so for this high truth he struck his blow.

“Douglas,” he said, “may win the nearer goal,
 But Senator *and* President,—no, no!”
 God’s stars too high for selfish astrolabe!
To gain the prize, he would not sell his soul,
 And so he lost; but, through the loss, did
 grow
 The trust of men, who named him “*Honest*
 Abe.”

III

THE VICTORY

The dream draws nigh fulfilment. Faith in
man

Has called out faith, and lifted him on high,
The leader of his age. And, when the cry
Of clashing thousands sounded, his the plan
To save the Nation. Through all hearts there
ran

The thrill electric that to heroes wrought
The common men he trusted. And they
fought
As they who knew that God led on the van!

Still "Honest Abe," still loyal to the law,
He would not strike e'en that which he did
hate

Until the hour had come, *and it was right*.
Then smote he with the sword he did not draw,
And Freedom out through War's ensan-
guined gate
Burst like a sun-birth, and the world was
light!

The Dead Prophet—Wendell Phillips

Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres.—JESUS.

“NO man great to his valet”? That ’s
because

A valet sees with but a valet’s eyes.
Great is that nation, and secure its laws,
Where there is wisdom to discern the wise.

Know’st thou, O Boston, there hath trod thy
street,

A simple, plain, untitled citizen,
One who, with level eye, the gods might greet,
A soul of fire, a hero among men?

When Freedom was in chains, in abject state,
With sad voice wailing her long unheard cry—
“Oh! who will plead my cause against the
great?”—

This young man leaped and answered, “Here
am I!”

Society, with all its cultured power,
 Old vested rights, and wealth with all its
 greed,
 These and the Church took sides in that dark
 hour,
 While wise ones sneered in that dread time
 of need.

He turned away from lure of wealth and place,
 The great ones' patronage, his honored
 name;
 For liberty and man he chose disgrace,
 Cast out with God and branded with his
 shame.

Then rose his voice in that lone wilderness
 Where he, with Christ and truth, were wan-
 derers long,
 Shaping such music from the slave's distress
 That all the world soon listened to his song.

With that rare instrument, his wondrous voice,
 He played till, Orpheus-like, all souls he
 charmed;
 The abject listen, prisoned ones rejoice;
 His words turn men, all marshalled and all
 armed.

The strong-towered Jericho of ancient wrong
They then beleaguer, marching round its
walls,
His voice still chanting Freedom's deathless
song,
And lo, the grim enclosure shakes and falls!

When he who was cast out in his fresh youth,
While Church and power and wealth be-
smeared his name,
Saw all caps flung aloft to greet his truth,
And found that obloquy was now spelled
fame!

Then crown him, men of Boston, 'mong the
few
Who dared be right when right meant shame
and loss;
He did not stand debating false and true
Till public favor glorified the cross.

Go, build his monument, ye sons of those
Who hurled their stones, and words more
hard to bear,
He needs it not; but as the tall shaft grows
Learn ye the lesson that such lives declare.

Morals and Religion

“COME with me to this mountain!” cries
the priest:

“Here God abides, and this is his high place.
None from this sacred duty is released;
No other way canst thou find heavenly grace.

“Here is God’s altar; here does incense rise;
Here prayers avail to turn away his wrath.
In vain thou seekest what proud worldlings
prize:

This way is heaven: there is no other path.”

“Vain are all churches!” cries the moralist:

“Thy prayers and incense fade in empty
skies;

Religions are but phantoms of the mist
That morning scatters when the sun doth
rise.

“Thy duty is on earth. Seek thou and find
The laws that bind thee to thy fellow-men.

The Eden dreams of early human kind
Thou mayest make facts in earthly cities
then."

Thus through the world's long ages
The battle cries are sounded.
Now lived and wrote the sages,
Now sophists truth confounded.
Here priests their service chanted,
Here hermits prayed and fasted,
Here some brave men undaunted
Did deeds that still have lasted.
Till now the world has waited
With longing and strong crying
Until the separated
Should find their unifying.

For he must be one power
Who rules both earth and heaven :
And one law to the lower
And to the high is given.
There sounds down from the highest,
And up from earth's deep places
One voice that back repliest
To th' asking of all races,—

"Hear me, O jarring peoples! I am one,
In smallest atom, or in heaven high.
One law swings the long circuit of the sun,
And by one law the new-fledged birdlings fly.

"Religion binds thee to my law divine,
 And this law binds thee to thy fellow-man.
 'T is one law in the market, at the shrine:
 Earth,—heaven,—See! they 're built upon
 one plan."

What Reward ?

HE was a boy most delicately bred,
A town boy and his mother's only one ;
Her fair hands stroked his shapely, curly head,
She feared, for his sake, storm and cold and
sun.

What had he, then, to do with suffering?
But all brave men she 'd taught him to
admire ;
So when he heard the country's war-cry ring,
What could she say? His eyes were hers—
on fire.

A common soldier to the front he went,
Youth, health, life, love, hope, fame, all in a
breath,
Into one patriotic offering blent,
He flung, a gage, into the face of Death !

And he redeemed his gage where bullets hissed,
Tipping the charging column's riving wedge ;

Or, prison-penned, with white lips hunger-
kissed,
Pain's brimming cup he drank, his country's
pledge.

Death he defied until death passed him by,
Taking as surety only scars and youth;
Then he came home, nor heaved one back-
ward sigh
O'er all he 'd given up for land and truth.

A common soldier as he went he came,
And yet a hero! Who gives more than all?
He who gives all, nor asks for even fame,
What is there, more than hero, such to call?

Who was he? There were thousands such as
he—
Men every inch, from crown to tip of toe!
For such, O country, what reward shall be?
The gods take not; 't is theirs but to bestow!

And godlike men—'t was manhood that they
threw
Into the scale when treason kicked the beam;
And manhood is not purchased! Buy the crew
To whom high honor is a foolish dream!

This boy, and all his noble fellows, gave
What money buys not, pays not for when
given!

This market-talk dishonors every grave,
Like simony that e'en would purchase
heaven.

O country, cherish all of those who need,
But do not offer insult to brave men!
Leave the base scramble to the shameless greed
That gauges manhood by the cattle-pen.

Lift high each hero on a pedestal
Where honor's sun upon his brows shall
shine;
So up the future shall their shadows fall
To teach our children manhood is divine!

Phillips Brooks

GREAT bishop, greater preacher, greatest
man,

Thy manhood far out-towered all church, all
creed,

And made thee servant of all human need,
Beyond one thought of blessing or of ban
Save of thy Master, whose great lesson ran,
"The great are they who serve." So now
indeed

All churches are one church in loving heed
Of thy great life wrought on thy Master's plan!

As we stand in the shadow of thy death,
How petty all the poor distinctions seem
That would fence off the human and divine!
Large was the utterance of thy living breath;
Large as God's love thy human hope and
dream;
And now humanity's hushed love is thine!

To Lowell

DEAR Lowell, I had e'er a poet's heart
And wandered fairy-land with childish
feet

And eyes all wide with wonder ; finding sweet
The hours when, from my boyish mates apart,
I watched to see "the little people" start
From their leaf coverts. I half understood
The talk the trees have in the shaded wood ;
But how to speak, nor falter in my art ?

Then heard I such sweet utterance of my
thought
And turned to find the music on thy tongue—
The first great poet that I learned to hear !
I thank thee for the sweet love thou hast taught,
The love that ever keeps the old earth young,
And makes us know the gods forever near !

Robert Collyer

1823-1893

O BLACKSMITH preacher, thy strong
blows have told

While they have rung two mighty countries
through.

As Thor, with his bright lightning hammer,
slew

The Darkness Giants, Superstitions old
So thou hast beaten down.

But strong and bold,
Thou hast known how to be all gentle too,
As are the sunshine and the morning dew
That help the grass-blades and the flowers un-
fold.

“Nature and Life ” art thou : in nature seeing
That Life which blossoms in the life of men,
And teaching men the Life and they are
one.

Art growing old? Nay, living in that Being
“Who has life in himself,” when past our
ken,
Thy life, love, work will only be begun !

J. G. Whittier

EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

DEAR Poet! when I looked upon thy face
I said, "Though near fourscore, he
grows not old."

Naught was in him suggestive of the mould;
The passing years had left no withering trace,
But only added lines of truth and grace.

His body seemed a shell that did enfold
Some precious bud against the winter's cold,
Whose bloom but waited fitting time and place.

Such life knows no decay; for every thought,
Each word, each deed has been for man and
right!

And now, the people's praise, their glad ac-
claim

But echoes only what his soul has wrought.

So, like the sun that loses not its light
When it doth set, the afterglow is fame!

Martineau

I HAVE seen many old who yet were young;
As thy compatriot, Gladstone, past four-
score,
Who, lord of many fields, still thirsts for
more,
And, just for play, will master some new
tongue;
As Furness, whose fine brain is still fine strung
For all high thoughts to play on. But thy
youth,
Thy still fresh eagerness for all fresh truth,
Marks thee most youthful, youthful souls
among!

Most mariners at first scorn fear or ease,
At fifty take in sail and hug the land,
Then steer for some snug harbor in old age;
But thou, in quest of truth, dost sail all seas,
In quest of truth dost coast the farthest
strand,
Eternal seeker still, though reverend sage!

Charles Howard Montague

BRIGHT spirit, with thine earth-race just
begun,

Thou stoodest poised and waiting at the
start,

All stripped and trained, clear-eyed and
stout of heart;

And not one friend was doubtful of thy run
While yonder was the fair goal to be won.

But, while we stood to see thee play thy part,
Thy taut nerve snapped, and, spite of all
love's art,

Before thy race commenced, lo, it was done!

Done? Who shall say it? May no other course
Invite thee toward another, fairer goal,
Where thou may'st bring to bear thy
earth-learned skill?

For what has heaven finer than the force
That lifts to noble aims a noble soul
And holds it to its end with steadfast will?

Emma Lazarus

A RARE, sweet daughter of a wondrous
race,

She flamed with all the old-time prophet's
fire,

And woke again the echoes of that lyre
That from the haunted Saul the clouds could
chase.

In her one might the heart of Miriam trace,

Or Deborah, aroused to holy ire

When her loved people did her soul inspire;
Yet lacked she nothing of a woman's grace.

Would she had lived to right her people's
wrongs,

To thrill and lift them with her grand soul's
might,

And make them worthy of her noble
thought!

But let her Israel still sing her songs

And in her counsels learn to find delight,

Then not in vain her suffering soul has
wrought.

Jesus

AS when the valleys all in shadow lie,
And shadowy shapes of fear still haunt
the night,

Some mountain peak reflects the coming
light,

And waiting lips break forth with joyful cry,
For gladness that at last the day is nigh,—

So when some soul, that towers afar, is
bright,

The souls that sit in shadow, at the sight
Grow sudden glad to know 't is light on high!

And when these mountain-towering men can
say,

“We see, though it be hidden from your
eyes,”

We can believe in better things to be!
So, though the shadows still obscure our way,
We see the light, reflected from the skies
That crowns thy brows, O Man of Galilee!

George O. Carpenter

FOR what land has he this time departed
Who so often went sailing before?
Have we seen him, the great- and good-hearted,
Drift out the last time from the shore?
Though we look with strained eyes down the
distance,
Though our hearts for his coming may yearn,
Vain still must be love's strong insistence
That waits the delayed ship's return?

Oh, what is the place which can hold him
Who loved the dear earth and its ways?
What arms of new friends can enfold him
That now in that country he stays?
It must be a land of rare beauty
To detain the oft-wandering feet
Which returned at the first call of duty
And ever found home-coming sweet.

It must be a land of glad laughing
For those lips bubbling over with cheer;
There must be the loving-cup's quaffing
For one who held friendship so dear;

There must be high service to render,
Or he, touched by all human need,
Would in heaven,—soft-hearted and tender—
But find himself lonely indeed!

Over whatever seas he is sailing,
Whatever strange winds fan his brow,
What company rare he 's regaling,
I know it is well with him now.
So, when my last voyage I am making,
May I go, as he went, unafraid,
And, the pilot that guided him taking,
May I make the same port he has made!

To A. F. Bradley, Photographer

WE all are shadows—so they say—
And shadows fade and flee away.
But you know how, by magic tricks,
The fleeting shades to catch and fix;
And so, ere crossing Life's strange portal,
You make us and our friends immortal.

The husband stays his wife beside
As when she first became his bride;
The law of growth they must fulfil,
And yet we keep the children still;
The loved ones o'er the earth who stray
Still by our sides forever stay;
And those dear eyes we closed with tears
Gaze at us from the vanished years.

And so, dear friend, with all my heart
I bless you and your wondrous art.

Song of the Sandman

BABY hush! the Sandman's coming
With his team of nightmares gray;
I can hear him softly humming
As he drives adown the day—
Bags of sand he brings and sprinkles
On the eyelids drooping low
While each star at twilight twinkles
In the sunset's after-glow.

Bags of happy dreams he carries
For good little boys and girls,
And beside each cot he tarries,
Smiling at the tangled curls.
O'er the poor man's bed he's bending
Weary with his work, unblest,
And into his visions sending
Dreams of days of joy and rest.

Kings, in vain the offer making,
Try to buy his gifts with gold,
Tossing on their beds and waking,
While the long, long night grows old.

Many a rich man worn and weary,
Glad the Sandman's price would pay
While each dragging hour is dreary
And slow comes the burdened day.

But the precious sleep and dreaming—
These are gifts no money buys;
Out of heaven the visions gleaming
Come to peaceful, tired eyes.
Sleep, my children, he is coming
With his team of nightmares gray,
I can hear him softly humming
Driving down the starlit way.

Mating Song

“ D ARLING, darling, darling, darling!”
So I heard a song-bird call;
Perk of head and flirt of feathers
Flashed he on from barn to wall.
Did she hear—the mate he sung to—
As the leaf-hid bough she clung to?

“Sweet one, sweet one, sweet one, sweet one!”
Still rang out the coaxing cry.
How his little throat was swelling
With the gurgling ecstasy!
Did she care—the mate he sung to—
As the leaf-hid bough she clung to?

“Precious, precious, precious, precious!”
Rang the lilting, sweet refrain;
It was woven all of passion,
Threads of joy and threads of pain.
Did she listen—she he sung to—
As the leaf-hid bough she clung to?

“Dainty, dainty, dainty, dainty!”

So ran on the fond, fond note;
Oh, it seemed a human lover’s
Cry that filled his trembling throat.
Did she answer—she he sung to—
As the leaf-hid bough she clung to?

“Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely!”

And her coquetry was o’er;
Calling, answering, repeating,
Wing to wing they sing and soar.
Far down in the forest glade
Hie they to the nest he ’s made.

The Plea of the Mountains

O CHILDREN of the mountains
Can you not hear our plea?
We send you rushing rivers,
Great highways to the sea;
With homes we crown your meadows,
Of us your strength is born,
We whirl your million spindles,
We fill your vales with corn!

Ours are the golden fountains,
The sources of your wealth,
The dream of Ponce de Leon,
The springs of youth and health,
Where artists, workers, poets,
The city-wearied, come
To breathe the balm and freedom
Of Nature's restful home!

And will ye dare despoil us
Or pull our glory down,

Our shoulders tree-dismantle,
Our hoary brows discrown,
Till those who here have worshipped,
Our lovers of old days,
Bow down their heads in sorrow
And leave our haunted ways?

Is there not left within you
The sense of beauty's charm?
Have you no ears for hearing
The pine-harp's wind-swept psalm?
Have you no eyes for seeing
What glads the poet's eyes,
When through the glow of sunset
The evening stars arise?

Oh, if the souls within you
Are dead to beauty's lore,
Are you so avarice-blinded
Ye cannot look before?
Behold your rivers shrunken,
Your farms and marts decayed,—
God pity you when mourning
The havoc ye have made!

O people of New England,
Town, village, hill and plain,
Your birth-right will ye barter
And count the pottage gain?

94 The Plea of the Mountains

Spare ye our ancient glory
And for the pilgrim feet
Of your world-weary people
Keep, keep this one retreat!

Carcassonne

From the French of Gustave Nadaud.

I 'M sixty years; I 'm getting old;
I 've been hard-working all my life,
But yet could never grasp and hold
My heart's one wish, with all my strife.
I see now well that here below
All one's desires are granted none;
My dream will ne'er fulfilment know,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

From yonder hill one sees where lies
The town beyond the mountains blue;
But he to reach the place who tries
Must five long leagues his way pursue.
Then 't is as many to return:
Oh had the vintage fairly done!
The grape crop's failure I must learn,
So may not look on Carcassonne.

They say that every day is there
As Sunday is all through the week;
New garments, robes all white and fair
Perpetual holiday bespeak.
A bishop and two generals go
Through streets where, grand as Babylon,
One sees the towering châteaux:
I never shall know Carcassonne.

A hundred times the vicar's right,
For ever unadvised are we;
Too high desires are still man's blight—
He says so in his homily.
Yet could I there two days have spent
Ere quite the Autumn time was gone,
My God! I would have died content
When I had once seen Carcassonne.

My God, my God, O pardon me,
If this my prayer should Thee offend;
Things still too high for us we 'd see
In youth or near a long life's end.
My wife once with my son, Aignan,
As far has travelled as Narbonne,
My grandson has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus did complain once, near Limaux,
A peasant all bowed down with age.

I said to him: "My friend, we 'll go
Together on this pilgrimage."
We started with the morning-tide;
This God forgive! We 'd scarcely gone
The road half over, when he died:
He never had seen Carcassonne.

Mary's Dream

ONE night upon the Nazareth hills
The stars were looking down ;
And, white among the olives, slept
The houses of the town.

In one, the village carpenter—
His work done—lay at rest ;
And Mary, restless in her sleep,
Her babe clasped to her breast.

The stars had now begun to pale
When, startled by her fears,
Up Mary sprung and caught her child :
Her eyes were wet with tears.

And then she hugged him to her heart :
“He is my Jesus still !”
She cried : “Jehovah will forbid
He should such dream fulfil !”

Then Joseph started up afraid :

“What words are these you speak?”

“I 've had a dreadful dream,” she cried,

“And fear hath made me weak.”

And then she told him how she slept

With Jesus on her arm ;

And how a vision strange unrolled

Its scenes of dread alarm.

“I dreamed,” she said, “and lo ! a cross

Stood outlined in the gloom ;

Two others near ; and, not far off,

There yawned an open tomb.

“Near by stood soldiers ; laugh and oath

Re-echoed on the air ;

Forms fled into the dark ; and, near,

Some women stood in prayer.

“I trembling crept anigh ; one turned ;

'T was I stood in her place !

I looked awe-struck upon the cross ;

My God ! 't was my boy's face !

“I thought I fainted : when I woke

The scene had passed away.

I started up and looked, and there

My baby sleeping lay.”

L. of C.

“But once again I dreamed. I thought
Long years had come and passed.
In some strange city, people strange,—
A concourse wild and vast.

“And they disputed in a hall;
They seemed both great and wise;
One told me that it was about
Some Jesus in the skies.

“He told me that some of them said
This Jesus was a man;
Some said he was th’ eternal God
Who was ere time began.

“And they had gathered here to see
Which doctrine should prevail;
And I, who knew one only God,
Stood shuddering at the tale.

“And while I stood, a cry arose,
‘He ’s God of very God!
Let those who dare to call him man
Feel our great Emperor’s rod!’

“And then a persecution rose,
And gray-haired men were sent
For saying God could not be born,
To lonely banishment.

"I wondered much that men should thus
 Their worship high accord
 To one of woman born, and not
 To Israel's only Lord.

"But sudden horror froze me quite;
 I hardly caught my breath,
 When some one told me this new god
 Was born in Nazareth,—

"Was Jesus, Mary's son." Once more
 I woke in strange affright.
 O Joseph, what strange things are these
 That come to me this night?

"And then I slept once more: once more
 The dreadful vision came.
 I tremble still: the blow! the cries!
 The scenes I cannot name!

"'T was in a city far away.
 Wild, brutal cries arose:
 The people seemed akin; and yet
 They fought as fiercest foes.

"The streets ran blood; oaths rent the air;
 And oh, one awful sight
 Still seems so real that my eyes
 Still see it with affright.

“A noble, old and gray-haired man
Was flung into the street
From some high window, and his form
Was tramped by horses' feet.

“'T was some saint's day, then I was told;
They slew for love of one,—
My little babe, I found it was,—
Declared to be God's son.

“They said he 'd come in wondrous wise
Down from the heavens above,
To teach mankind to be at peace,
And lead a life of love.

“And then, far off, I heard a chant,
Te Deum high and grand,
Because so much of brother's blood
Had flowed throughout the land.

“And then I cried: 'What have I done?
Is this my babe to be
Jehovah's scourge to bring to man
Such wrath and misery?'

“For in the name of him they called
The prince of peace and joy
They've turned to brutal beasts! Alas!
What art thou, my strange boy?

"The horror woke me. But again
I slept and dreamed once more.
I seemed to wander, as with wings,
A new and wide world o'er.

"I saw strange countries, peoples strange;
And everywhere on high,
From churches scattered far and wide,
Spires lifted to the sky.

"The books, the creeds, the preachers said
My little boy, when grown,
Had risen to the heavens and sat
Upon th' Eternal's throne—

"They said he taught that only love,—
Not words, nor forms—could save;
That he was Christian who his life
To men in service gave.

"And yet, alas!—the strange, strange world!—
They envied, hated, strove;
And then, with hollow ritual, thought
To pay the price of love.

"Above the temple's gateway, made
For those who entrance sought,
They had erased my boy's word, *Love*—
Which only he had taught—

“And, in its place, had written high,
In words to all men clear,
Through robes and rites and creeds alone
Can lost men enter here !

“So then I found that brave men stayed
Without for love of him
Whose glory they who claimed his name
Had hidden, or made dim.

“I wept to see men strayed so far
From Him whom we confess;
Who, Moses and Isaiah taught,
Is love and righteousness.

“I wept to think my winsome babe
Had such an idol grown;
And wondered if God's wrath had placed
A man upon His throne.

“And weeping, I awaked and saw
My boy look up with fright,
As wondering at his mother's tears
On such a quiet night.

“O Joseph, what can mean my dream?
My pretty boy! Your play,
Now that the sun is on the hills,
Shall drive my fears away!”

Then Joseph soothed her with his words;
But wondered if there might
Be some strange meaning hid within
These fancies of the night.

And that day o'er his work he paused,
And to himself he said,
"Do dreams come to us from the Lord
To warn us what to dread?"

And from that day he watched the boy,
Hence sprung his fear and awe
When Jesus in the Temple courts
Disputed of the law.

And when to him the stories came
Of Jordan and of John,
He cried: "Woe 's me, the boding dream!
The vision hasteth on!"

Alas! the world has dreamed this dream!
And only now the sun
Begins to touch the eastern hills;
The dawning is begun.

The wondrous boy is ours once more;
No god, but just a boy;
A boy, a youth, a man, whose love
Foretells the future's joy.

For he, the blossom fair, the fruit
 Sprung from our human tree,
Becometh thus a prophecy
 Of what the world shall be.

For he was human ; and since man
 Such fruit for once could bear,
The future's harvest-field shall see
 Such fruitage everywhere.

Seeking Jesus

THEY 'VE ta'en away my Lord, and laid
him,—where?

I knew not, and I sought him far and wide,
Till, as when sickly grows the misty air

When into sad eclipse the sun doth glide,
So dark and heavy pressed the atmosphere
Which my soul breathed; and it seemed all in
vain

To follow still the aimless, hopeless chase.

Then all the earth grew drear;
And I cried out of my heart's heavy pain,
"O Truth divine, unveil thy lovely face!"

I sought him in the old and musty creeds,

Where wise men claimed that long he had
been kept;

But what they said were flowers to me were
weeds,

And weeds so dried that through them all
there crept

The odors of decay that smelt of death!
"Where is the life of God they promised me?"
I asked, bewildered, as in vain I sought.
There was no living breath
To thrill and lift my soul, O God, to Thee,
No fresh life from Thy kindled altar brought!

Then crept I through cathedral aisles, where
dim
The natural light of this world's modern day
Was sifted through the figured seraphim
And colored saints in faint, distorted ray;
But him I sought was nowhere to be found.
He walked the sunny fields and dusty roads
With common folk in all their common ways.
So then I turned me round,
And hastened out to find men's poor abodes,
While on my ear faint grew the hymns of
praise.

Then down the pathway of the years I trod,
Oft lighted by the fires of pious hate,
And saw how men for love (they said) of God
Had made their fellows' lives love-desolate.
I passed old dungeons haunted still by cries
That long since sunk in silence, by the places
Where had been torture-chambers long ago.
I saw the withered lies

That men, who sought for truth with eager
faces,
Had hungered for and starved on in their
woe.

Then cried I: "Truth for men must human be;
And, being human, 't will be most divine.
It must be that which looses and sets free,
It must be that which thrills the weak, like
wine,
It must be that which kindles human love,
And lifts the weak with helpful tenderness,
And beats down barriers that separate!
'T is not the hawk: the dove,
The dove's the symbol of the truths that bless,
And not red talons pitiless with hate."

And, lo! as thus I thought and pondered far,
I heard soft voices singing on the air;
Then noted I where led a shining star,
That o'er a manger softly shone and fair.
I followed; but no miracle I saw,
No infant god, no kneeling kings at hand,
But just a baby in its mother's arms!
God's sweet, inviolate law,
The law of love we partly understand,
Had crowned just motherhood with holy
charms.

The babe, grown up to manhood's fair estate,
I saw along the wayside, by the hill,
Or on the lake-shore, where the peoples wait
His words that, like sweet bread, their hunger fill.

I saw him pity all the sad and weak,
I saw him from the proud ones turn aside,
I saw him lift the fallen. All his plan
Seemed but in love to seek
To raise the low and humble cruel pride,
And build on earth a brotherhood of man.

Then all the truth broke on my weary heart!
I'd sought but sought all vainly until then;
But now hope came that will not more depart—
The hope that is the life of living men.
The Jesus I had lost was man's ideal,
The more divine for being just a man,
Man at his highest, so for man the best.
In this is God made real,—
God leading, lifting since the world began,
And to our restless search revealing rest!

Resurgam

O WONDROUS race of dying men!
In every age, in every clime,
Above all graves rings out sublime
Resurgam—I shall rise again!

Not one of all whoe'er drew breath
Has e'er escaped: whence then up-springs
The hope that in defeat still sings
Resurgam—I shall rise from death?

From out the shadow that o'er hangs
The far-off childhood of the earth,
Beside the first dead face I hear
The whispered trust that death is birth.

The solemn lips of India old
Catch up and echo on the tale
That they who walk the earth no more
Have only passed within the veil.

The stately pomp of Egypt's priests,
Their prayers, their chants, papyrus rolls
Rehearse the faith that counts the grave
But gateway to the land of souls.

Mithraic symbols and the cult
Of mystic lore Eleusis taught
Were but the dress to clothe and hide
From eyes profane the sacred thought.

The Greek to shapes of beauty wrought
The same fair trust; and gave to men
Her marble witness that the dead
Should walk and live and love again.

Rome, too, her testimony clear
To this most human longing gave;
While priestly rite and poet's verse
A triumph chanted o'er the grave.

And when the man of Nazareth
In sweet words told the story o'er,
Not new the tale; he but retold
The dear hope men had loved before.

For God, in nature's mystic book
Has writ the promise on each flower,
Each leaf, each simple blade of grass
That greets Spring's resurrection hour.

The glad birds sing it; and the brooks
Run babbling life's unending song;
While each dawn's triumph o'er the dark
Proclaims right's triumph over wrong.

Take up the song then, Oh, my heart,
And, fearless facing every doubt,
Join nature's and the ages' chant,
And ring the gladsome chorus out!

Life, life was first, and builds the form;
The form was not, the form is gone;
But life, that thrilled the dust awhile,
Nor faints nor falters, but goes on!

Yes, on this Easter day, O men,
Men dying, but defying death,
Heed what reviving nature saith,—
Resurgam—I shall rise again!

Nay, in the grave no soul e'er lies:
Not rise *again* declares the voice;
The deeper truth proclaims, *Rejoice,*
Surgam, not *re*—*I shall arise!*

Shine Forth, O Truth!

SHINE forth, O Truth, with thine all-con-
quering ray;

Let there be light!

Night long has reigned; at last there dawns
the day;

Let there be light!

Through weary years, since first dim Time
began,

Our feet have stumbled, waiting for the sun.

Shine forth, O Truth, our eyes salute the
dawn;

Let day appear!

How slow it seems the dark clouds are with-
drawn,

Let day appear!

The waking peoples, from sleep roused at
length,

Thrill with the consciousness of unused
strength.

Shine Forth, O Truth! 115

Lead on, O Truth, the way is far to go,

O Truth, lead on!

All truth, all life, all good are ours to know,

O Truth, lead on!

Lo, gleam before us there the shining gates,

And for our taking all God's glory waits!

Madonna

RARE Madonna, Sanzio's dream,
Maid through motherhood grown wise!
Mystic meanings glimpse and gleam,
Lightening, darkening, in thine eyes!

But the meanings, mystic, rare,
In thy tender eyes sublime,
That this artist's dreams declare,
Mothers feel in every clime!

For, O Sistine mother, thou
Hast in many ages stood,
And must stand, while all men bow,
Type ideal of motherhood!

Let me read then in thy face
What I may of wonder-lore,
While I worship woman's grace,
While I motherhood adore.

First, the mother's joy I see,
 Trembling, tender, passionate;
 "*He is mine!*" exultantly
 All her face cries out elate!

Then, the reverent surprise
 That such gift should come to her
 Deepens in the awe-struck eyes—
 Mother lost in worshipper!

Next, the far-off look that seems
 As,—'twixt hope and fear at strife,—
 It would probe, through facts and dreams,
 All the mystery of life!

Then, as though the coming years
 With their shadows crossed her sight,
 Seem to stir the founts of tears,
 Thrill her arms with clasp more tight.

Mother hope, and mother fear,
 Mother grief, and mother joy—
 All alike to thee are dear
 While thou holdest thus thy boy!

Seek not thou the years to read
 Stretching onward far away;
 Only give thou grateful heed
 To the blessed, glad to-day!

Fear not what shall be his lot,
Crown or care, or bloom or light;
He who gave, forgetteth not,
And each life shall end in light!

“You Did It Not”

THERE comes an hour of sadness
With the setting of the sun,
For, not the sins committed,
But the things I have not done.

I ought to have been stronger,
But the crisis found me weak,
And now I am regretting
The word I did not speak.

A cause, a neighbor languished;
And now, while still I live,
I must regret forever
The help I did not give.

I see an arm outreaching,
And vain its empty grasp,
And I must still remember
The hand I did not clasp.

“ You Did It Not ”

I saw beside life's highway
A hopeless outcast lie,
I might, but did not comfort,
The fallen I passed by.

A great cause, lacking helpers,
Was weak because unheard,
I might have been its champion,
But did not say the word.

Attacked by stupid malice
I heard a man maligned,
I stood in coward silence
And did not speak my mind.

And so as night is falling
How bitterly I rue
The words I have not spoken,
The deeds I did not do.

The Shadow

RETRIBUTION

I N a bleak land and desolate
Beyond the earth, somewhere
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled
A wild, waste region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last it paused and looked aback;
And then he was aware
A hideous wretch stood in his track
Deformed and cowering there.

"And who art thou," he shrieked with fright,
"That dost my steps pursue?
Go hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
Along thy path I flee.
*I'm thine own actions: night and day
Still must I follow thee."*

Buddha's Parable

WITH fixed, white face the mother goes
With her dead child at her breast.
In the house where no one has ever died
She will find relief and rest.
"O tell me! where is the place
That has ne'er seen a dead, white face?"

From village to village, from town to town
She wanders the country o'er;
At her asking ever the tears fall down;
Death has passed thro' every door.
"O tell me! is there *no* place
That has ne'er seen a dead, white face?"

"No place, no place, my child," said then
A white-haired man and old;
"The living are few to the numbers vast
The earth in her dead arms hold."
"But is there never a place
That has ne'er seen a dead, white face?"

“Yes, child,” the old man said at last,
“There is one place we trust,
But only they find it who have passed
Through the gateway of the dust.
Sleep, then, my child: thy face
Sees the land where death has no place.”

The Mystic Hope

WHAT is this mystic, wondrous hope in
me,

When not one star from out the darkness
born

Gives promise of the coming of the morn:—
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which the weary eyes no way can
see:—

When illness comes and life grows most for-
lorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to
scorn,
And proudly cries, *Death is not, shall not be?*

I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If thou dost rule the earth, if “dust to dust”
Shall be the end of love and hope and
strife,
From what rare land is blown this living
breath

That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust
And tells the lie—if ’t is a lie—of life?

Love Eternal

THE flowers in clusters grow;
Star constellations glow;
Each always seeks its own;
Nothing is blest alone.

Life's paradox is this:
To share increases bliss,
While grief shared grows to less.
Such power has love to bless!

So heart is bound to heart,
And Death alone can part.
Can Death part? No, above
E'en Death is mighty Love.

I Haste No More

I haste no more.

At dawn or when the day is done,
The sun comes calmly to his place:—
I 've learned the lesson of the sun.

I haste no more.

In Spring and Autumn earth decrees
The leaves shall bud, the leaves shall fall:—
I 've learned the lesson of the trees.

I haste no more.

At flood or ebb, as it may be,
The ocean answers to the moon:—
I 've learned the lesson of the sea.

I haste no more.

Whate'er, whose'er is mine—these must
On God's ways meet me in God's time:
I 've learned the lesson, and I trust.

“ Ad Astra ”

LOOK on and upward, as you go,
With faith no doubting mars;
And know that still life's commonplace
Is overarched with stars.

Hold one conviction with a trust
No shock of question jars,—
That every path of duty trod
Leads upward to the stars.

Repine not as if earthly bonds
Were but life's prison bars:
Our common earth of dust and tears
Is one among the stars!

Hymn

Dedication New Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio

I N every land, 'neath every sky,
All men have found some holy place
Where they have piled their altars high
To give Thee praise, to seek Thy grace.

We here have built this house to Thee
Of stone and wood which all were Thine,
And now we pray that it may be
Our worship's home, Thy sacred shrine.

With thought set free, with reverent mind,
World-weary age and eager youth,
By doubt and faith we seek to find
The way of life, through love and truth.

We give to Thee what is Thine own—
Our time, our thought, our hearts, our gold.
Within our lives set up Thy throne,
Before our march Thy flag unfold.

Here love the holy words shall speak
Which bind in one the hearts of two :
Here parents for their children seek
The touch that may their lives renew.

Here shall we bring the sacred dead
Before the earth goes back to earth ;
Here shall transforming words be said
Which hold the truth that death is birth.

The house indeed we consecrate ;
But this alone is vanity :
To gain the good for which we wait,
Behold we give ourselves to Thee !

Morning

A BRISK, fresh morning after storm!
Night's misty headlands stand out clear;
Each yesterday's far-distant form
The morn reveals distinct and near.

The million ripples in the sun
Laugh like the dimples of a girl:
The light waves with the light winds run,
And crease the sands with curve and curl!

Light dominates the world once more,
Light, which the darkness fights in vain!
For every storm the bow spans o'er,
And ever sunshine follows rain!

No mist or darkness can avail
To hide, for long, what they conceal;
The light's supreme!—this cheery tale
The morning's sunbeams aye reveal!

Beneath the sunshine of this hope—
That light and truth the world control—
As buds their trusting petals ope,
Expand and lift thee, O my soul!

The Christmas Search

AS upward into clearer light
The toiling old world swings,
What is it each new Christmas tide
A little nearer brings?

Beneath the magic touch of man,
Though wilderness at first,
The desert continents have smiled,
And into flower burst!

Beneath his touch, wild grasses bent
With heavy heads of grain;
And orchards rich with golden fruits
O'erran each mellow plain!

Beneath his touch, wild things of air
And earth have ceased to kill,
While, crouching at his feet, they learn
To love and do his will.

Beneath his touch, the ocean wastes,
Crossed by his couriers fleet,
With pleasure and with traffic grow
Familiar as the street.

Beneath his touch, towns, cities, rise;
A thousand factories whir;
The forces of the air and earth
Each turns his minister!

Beneath his touch, the Titan, steam,
Held in with curb and rein,
His god-like chariot drags afar,
Through mountain, over plain!

Beneath his touch, the lightnings stoop
To take his dread command;
Then over wastes, or under seas,
Quick flash from land to land!

Beneath his touch, the high stars deign
To guide his ships aright;
Beneath his touch, electric suns
Flash daylight through the night!

At first a weakling, now a king
The son of man has grown;
King of the earth, king of himself,
His steps have climbed a throne!

But as up into clearer light
The toiling old world swings,
What is it each new Christmas tide
A little nearer brings?

The Christmas Search 133

Not only better homes man needs,
Command of air and earth,
Fleet travel, power to ring the world
With his electric girth!

Aladdin's lamp is not enough,
Though this be won at length;
God's Kingdom cometh not alone
By wisdom or by strength!

The dying out of hate and fear,
The growth of love and trust,
These crown him Son of God, and prove
That life is more than dust!

'T is justice, mercy, kindness, help,
A human brotherhood
We seek; not only reign of power,
But kingship of the good!

This, then, as into clearer light
The toiling old world swings,
We 'll seek until some Christmastide
The perfect morning brings!

Easter Longings

WHAT are our Easter longings?
When Winter storms have fled,
We long for earth's fresh greenness,
And bluer skies o'erhead.

We long to hear the ripple
Of streamlets as they flow,
Released from icy fetters
And bondage of the snow.

We long for Spring's first flowers
That, with their old-time grace
Unchanged since we were children,
Still show the same fair face.

We long to hear the bird-songs
That on, from Spring to Spring,
The memories of the lost years
Still to the present bring.

We long to hear the wave-break,
That on the changing shore
Still chants its restful message,
Unchanged forevermore.

We long to see earth rising
From its long deathlike sleep,
While life and its fresh vigor
Through all her members creep.

But all this earth-awakening
But makes us, misty-eyed,
Dream all the more of lost ones
No longer at our side.

They loved the Spring's fair coming;
Oh, why are they not here,
To double by their sharing
The joy of this new year?

What land so fair can keep them?
Love they not as of old?
Is there a chill in dying
To make affection cold?

We long to hear a whisper
To tell us that they care:
One word might make the Spring-time
A thousand fold more fair.

'T is some heart that in childhood
Was nearest to our own,
Whose going made life's pathway,
Though crowded, all so lone—

It is the old home broken
That fancy builds, till seem
The old things like the real,
And real things a dream.

Or, 't is a loss more recent,
Too sacred yet for speech,—
That which made life worth living
Now passed beyond our reach.

It is our own life fading
As we are growing old,—
The fair, sweet day declining
To evening chill and cold.

Oh, how the years relentless
Our treasures snatch and keep,
While fairest Springs are helpless .
To rouse them from their sleep:

So while the joyous Easter
Lifts high her song of praise
Our hearts will ache with longing
For friends of other days.

O wondrous is the process
By which, from fire-mist old,
The scroll of earth's strange meanings
The ages have unrolled!

From lowly forms uplifting,
Swept on the mighty plan,
Till, from earth's life-tree bursting,
Out-buds and blossoms man.

The earth and skies have cradled
This child of dust and God,
Till brain, heart, soul cry,—“See us!
Are we no more than clod?”

Nay, nay, look up and onward,
And clasp and hold the trust
That all this wondrous process
Shall end not in the dust.

The grave is but a gateway,
Low-arched and dark, 't is true!
But hark! I hear a whisper!
And lo! the light bursts through!

Then sing the song of Easter;
Let no heart troubled be:
The past is as the future,—
All, one eternity!

The lost youth and the lost love—
Nay, naught is lost but ill:
Each golden dream and promise
The ages shall fulfil!

Then drink the joy of Easter
From brimming, flowing cup;
Let tears be changed to smiling
While we look on and up!

To Truth

O STAR of Truth, down shining
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
My pathway may appear:
However long the journey,
How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

I know thy blessed radiance
Can never lead astray,
However ancient custom
May tread some other way:
E'en if through untrod deserts,
Or over trackless sea,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.

Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

Though loving friends forsake me
Or plead with me in tears,
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears,
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be:
Through life or death, forever
Lead on, I 'll follow thee!

Prayer

HERE on this little world,
Through cloud and sunshine whirled
Athwart the sky,
We look out on the light,
We look up through the night,
And wonder if God's might
May hear our cry.

Is all a heartless void,
Worlds made and worlds destroyed,
With none to care?
Or somewhere in the deep
Is One who does not sleep,
But wakes to watch and keep,
And note our prayer?

We trust no joy or pain
Is ever felt in vain,—
That not one cry
Dies on the empty air;
No human heart's despair
Shall miss the loving care
That rules on high.

Evolution

THE one life thrilled the star-dust through,
In nebulous masses whirled,
Until, globed like a drop of dew,
Shone out a new-made world.

The one life on the ocean shore,
Through primal ooze and slime,
Crept slowly on from less to more
Along the ways of time.

The one life in the jungles old,
From lowly, creeping things,
Did ever some new form unfold, —
Swift feet or soaring wings.

The one life all the ages through
Pursued its wondrous plan,
Till, as the tree of promise grew,
It blossomed into man.

The one life reacheth onward still:
As yet no eye may see
The far-off fact man's dream fulfil, —
The glory yet to be.

The American Song

WHAT song shall America sing,
Young heir of the elder world,
Whose knee ne'er bent to a tyrant king,
Whose banner defeat ne'er furled?
A song for the brave and the free,
No echo of ancient rhyme,
But a shout of hope for the day to be,
The light of the coming time!

From the dark lowlands of the past,
Swelling loud o'er the victim's cries,
The hero's shout sweeps up the blast,
Where wounded Freedom dies.
The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare
From the far-off years are heard;
But the pæan of kings is man's despair,
And the hope of the world deferred.

'T is the song of the free we sing,
Of a good time not yet born,
Where each man of himself is king;
Of a day whose gladsome morn

Shall see the earth beneath our feet
And a fair sky overhead;
When those now sad shall find life sweet,
And none shall hunger for bread.

Sing, then, our American song:
'T is no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong
Or of foul deeds foully done.
We fight for the wide world's right,
To enlarge life's scope and plan,
To flood the earth with hope and light,
To build the kingdom of man.

My Birth

I HAD my birth where stars were born,
In the dim æons of the past:
My cradle cosmic forces rocked,
And to my first was linked my last.

Through boundless space the shuttle flew,
To weave the warp and woof of fate:
In my begetting were conjoined
The infinitely small and great.

The outmost star on being's rim,
The tiniest sand-grain of the earth,
The farthest thrill and nearest stir
Were not indifferent to my birth.

And when at last the earth swung free,
A little planet by the moon,
For me the continent arose,
For me the ocean roared its tune;

For me the forests grew; for me
Th' electric force ran to and fro;
For me tribes wandered o'er the earth,
Kingdoms arose, and cities grew;

For me religions waxed and waned ;
For me the ages garnered store ;
For me ships traversed every sea ;
For me the wise ones learned their lore ;

For me, through fire and blood and tears,
Man struggled onward up the height,
On which, at last, from heaven falls
An ever clearer, broader light.

The child of all the ages, I,
Nursed on th' exhaustless breasts of time ;
By heroes thrilled, by sages taught,
Sung to by bards of every clime.

Quintessence of the universe,
Distilled at last from God's own heart,
In me centred now abides
Of all that is the subtlest part.

The product of the ages past,
Heir of the future then, am I :
So much am I divine that God
Cannot afford to let me die.

If I should ever cease to be,
The farthest star its mate would miss,
And, looking after me, would fall
Down headlong darkening to th' abyss.

For, if aught real that is could cease,
If the All-Father ever nods,
That day across the heavens would fall
Ragnarok, twilight of the gods.

The Forbidden Song

'T IS said, in old Granada,
Then held in captive bands,
Enslaved in their own city,
Held down by foreign hands,

When once, in accents plaintive,
The old songs rose in air,
The people from their houses
Rushed out in mad despair.

The songs brought back the freedom
Once theirs in days of yore,—
A freedom only sleeping,
Though now enjoyed no more.

Then passed a law these tyrants,
Who feared a singer's breath,
That none might sing forever
That song, on pain of death.

So human souls, fast fettered
By custom old and creed,
Are only drugged and sleeping,
And waiting to be freed ;

The Forbidden Song

149

And, when the song of freedom
Some bold voice grandly sings,
They feel within them stirring
Their long unused wings.

A far-off recollection
Of birthrights lost arise,
Of that diviner sonship
Which links them with the skies.

So, lest the priesthood totter,
And souls their freedom gain,
This song divine 's forbidden,
On threat of endless pain.

The House of the Soul

MY soul still sitteth her room within;
She goeth not out of her door:
But she longs forever to know the world
As it passes her house before.

She may not go out. The universe knocks,
And throngs all her anterooms fill;
But the Senses Five stand ever on guard,
Admitting but whom they will.

The ear leads in the wonderful sounds
That wander her echo hall,—
The thunder, the bird-song, the wild surf-beat,
And the voices of love that call.

The eye leads in the colors that glow
In the rainbow and sunset sky;
The apple-blooms and the tinting of cheeks,
And love-looks that never die.

And the touch and taste and smell, each one
Seeks out the guests that it knows;
But only now and then one of the throng
To the high, inner chamber goes.

And so my soul sitteth her house within,
While the universe passes without;
Of the thronging shapes she catches a glimpse,
Or hears a far-echoing shout.

She waits and listens, and ever she longs
To see all things real, as they are;
But the doors of her house are thick and strong,
And fastened with life's firm bar.

She knows there are voices she never hears,
And colors she never sees;
She knows that the world has numberless doors
Of which she has not the keys.

She fears she knows nothing *as it is*,
But shadows and echoes only;
So up and down through her rooms she goes,
Wistfully longing and lonely.

And she cries: "Shall I never know the world
That passes so near to my door?
Shall I never find out the things to be,
Or the things that were of yore?

"Shall I never thrust back the wards that lock
The innermost heart of things?
Shall I never break down my narrow walls
Or expand my prisoned wings?

“Perhaps—who knows?—I may fly one day,
And, alight on some fairer star,
Where shadows are only mists of the past
I may see things as they are.”

Life's Wonder

'T IS "vanity of vanities": thus said
The Preacher, in the ages long since
dead.

And "vanity of vanities," the cry
Rings on the air of every century.

The worldling, pleasure-worn, toil-wearied,
asks,
"Is life worth living," with its weary tasks?

Religion, with her faithless moan, appears,
And says, "The world is but a vale of tears."

"Of fools and blind!" the wonder-feast to
spite,
Whose own wild folly 's dulled your appetite!

A blind man through a wondrous picture hall
Went muttering about each "empty wall."

A deaf man, when a symphony was sung,
Much marvelled at each mute and voiceless
tongue.

And one, whose sense of smell was lost, de-
plored

Their folly who the odorous rose adored.

And one, heart-shrivelled by his heartless loves,
Mocked at young lovers and at cooing doves.

And one, who talked of solid facts, oft smiled
At those by poetry and art beguiled.

“O fools and blind!” The farmer wonders
why

The scholar studies, with admiring eye,

The tiny scratches on the boulder's top,
Whose huge obstruction only hurts his crop.

Meanwhile, the scholar in the boulder sees
The wondrous story of lost centuries.

The stolid Arab, under desert skies,
Sees where afar the Pyramids arise;

But on their rocky, weather-beaten page,
Reads not the strange tale of a buried age.

The peasant by the Swiss lakes sees not there
The pile-raised village lift itself in air.

And bones and arrow-heads are rubbish all
To him who hears no far-off ages call,

From out the silence of the past, to say,
"We were the fathers of your glad to-day."

Oh, wonder of the world, whose surface bright
Fills wide-eyed childhood with a fresh delight!

Beneath the surface, to exploring eyes,
Deep yawns to deep, and heights on heights
arise.

Each grass-blade and each gaseous atom holds
An infinite mystery, that his thought unfolds

Who knows each molecule the kinsman is
Of every star-ray piercing the abyss.

And not one lowly blossom in the vale
But to the instructed ear can tell a tale,

Whose opening chapter was the eternal past,
And is not done while endless ages last.

Short is his fathom-line who thinks he sounds—
And finds it shallow—being's dread profounds.

The emptiness is in the pool that lies
Too shoal to hold the stars and boundless skies.

Oh, when I look upon the laughing face
Of children, or on woman's gentle grace;

Or when I grasp a true friend by the hand,
And feel a bond I partly understand;

When mountains thrill me, or when by the sea
The plaintive waves rehearse their mystery,

Or when I watch the moon with strange de-
light,
Treading her pathway 'mid the stars at night;

Or when the one I love, with kisses prest,
I clasp with bliss unspoken to my breast,—

So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
I have no words, but only happy tears!

I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;

That e'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul.

But, e'en though this the end, I cannot say
I 'm sorry that I saw the light of day.

So wondrous seems this life I live to me,
Whate'er the end, *to-day I hear and see!*

To-day I think and hope ! and so for this—
If it must be—for just so much of bliss,—

Bliss threaded through with pain,—I bless the
Power
That holds me up to gaze one wondrous hour!

Hidden Springs

UP on the hillside, far away,
There is a hidden spring
That never sees the light of day,
And where no bird doth sing.

It darkly wells, 'mid rocks and moss,
Lost in the thicket deep;
Above it, trailing creepers toss,
And dripping dew-drops weep.

But, down below, its waters run
To feed the roots of flowers;
Where bright birds glitter in the sun,
And sing through happy hours.

It makes a brook where children play;
It clothes the fields in grasses;
Its path is beauty all the way,
As down the vale it passes.

The mill-wheels hum along its side;
It builds the busy town;
And deeply, in its glassy tide,
The sweet stars look adown.

How many noblest deeds of men
 Flow from the hidden springs,
 Shut all away from human ken,
 And kept as sacred things,—

The grief-fed springs within the heart,
 All clouded o'er with doubt,
 Where death our treasures smote apart,
 And healing tears gushed out!

The graves of loved ones far away,
 Up the dim track of years,
 Still nerve the purpose of to-day
 To rise above our fears.

Oh! many a tender word is said,
 And gentle deed is wrought,
 In memory of the cherished dead
 That live still in our thought.

The orphans, that the mother love
 Of childless mothers saves,
 May thank the grief that bends above
 The newly sodded graves.

And many a man, whose noble fight
 For truth has lifted men,
 Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
 His motive power has been.

Hidden Springs

O tear-fed, hidden springs that well
Up from the heart's great deep,
The world its debt can never tell
To those that work and weep,—

That work out in the open day,
That weep when none are nigh,
And only by sweet deeds betray
The heart's sad mystery.

Motherhood

O SWEET, delicious motherhood!
I, even I, am part—
I feel it next my heart—
Of that strange power that worlds did brood,
In which all life doth start.

It is the mighty God, I know,
Who thrills my being through,—
He lives in star and dew—
And, as June roses bud and blow,
So bids me blossom too.

Within my soul the sacred root
Of this new life runs down,—
Sweet love the seed hath sown—
Thence upward grows and comes to fruit,
And all my life doth crown.

I am become creator then:
God's secret I can guess,—
O wondrous happiness!—
I stand, the mother proud of men,
That strong sons love and bless.

Close at the universe's core,
 And out through all its range,—
 It rules life, death, and change—
This secret lives forevermore,
 Sacred, divine, and strange.

The soul that doth this burden miss,
 Unlinked in being's chain—
 It seeks a fancy vain—
Shirking God's care, life's keenest bliss
 Loses, nor finds again.

The cradle is God's purest shrine:
 At this fair fount of life,—
 Hush here, O world, your strife!—
Bow with veiled eyes, and call divine
 The mother crowned as wife.

One Left

THE one babe lost is the one babe left;
The others are grown and gone away;
So cruel it seemed when first bereft,
Yet the lost is the only one left to-day!

I watched them grow out of my longing arms,
While each in turn lost the baby face:
The years fled away with those winsome
 charms,
And manhood and womanhood took their
 place.

And now they 've made them homes of their
 own,
While I by the fireside rock and dream:
And, oh, I should be so all alone,
Did not the past like the present seem!

But, while I am rocking, my babe again,
That I lost, far off in the dimming years,
I clasp with the joy that is kin to pain,
And water my dusty heart with tears.

The People

O H, placable and patient race,
Thy burden bearing through the years,
How often marred with grief thy face,
How oft thine eyes are dim with tears!

How patient art thou with thy gods,
Still framing for them some excuse,
Bending thy back beneath their rods,
And turning pain to noble use!

How patient art thou with thy kings
That rob, and fatten on thy spoils!
While each new year new burdens brings,
To bind thee to thy weary toils.

Be patient still, and labor on!
Thy waiting is not all in vain;
For, see! long hours of dark are gone,
And, east, the night begins to wane.

Science, man's mighty friend, has bound
Nature's trained forces, foes no more:
They stamp their hoofs, and at the sound
Flies open every once barred door.

And through these doors man shall advance,
And find free course o'er all the earth;
No more the slave of circumstance,
But rising to his kingly worth.

He claims his birthright now, and reigns:
The Titans that o'er chaos ruled,—
Lightning and steam,—with giant pains,
Now run his errands, trained and schooled.

O People, once a mass, held down,
The plaything of the priest and king,
You yet shall come into your own,
And to you earth her tribute bring.

Dethroned, the gods of wrong and hate;
Dethroned, the old-time kingly power;
Dethroned, the priesthood's selfish state:
Reason enthroned, then comes your hour!

The spelling-book shall be the key
To thrust back in the lock of fate
The musty bolts of destiny,
And bid you enter now, though late.

But, on God's dial-plate of time,
'T is never late for him who stands
Self-centred in a trust sublime,
With mastered force and thinking hands.

The world then all before you lies:

The stars fight for you; and there waits
A future where bold enterprise

Flings open wide the long-shut gates.

The Sea's Secret

I SAT on the beach at twilight,
And watched the rising moon,
While on my ear the wavelets
Beat out their soothing croon.

The town-life, with its worry,
Had faded to a dream:
Life's toil had turned to fancy,
And fancies real did seem.

And so I watched the wavelets
Fall at my feet in play,
And let my dream-wings flutter
Through dreamlands far away.

The curling foam-flakes whispered
How, tossing round the world,
They 'd kissed a tropic island,
As past it they were whirled.

It was so fair, they told me,
That, though they could not stay,
None might forget the vision;
It haunted them away.

The Sea's Secret

“It is,” they said, “this longing,
That ne’er outworn may be,
That makes us moan forever
The secret of the sea.”

“What is this secret? Tell me.”
The murmurous answer fell:
“We ’ve sought for one to listen,
That we the tale might tell.

“But none could understand us,
So evermore in vain
We sob in plaintive music
That no man can explain.”

The while I sat and listened,
The ripple on the beach
Of white waves in the moonshine
Became a silvery speech.

“That island of our vision
We saw so far away,
We hoped that men might find it
Some fair and happy day.

“For we have heard men’s sighing,
And we have seen their tears,
While up the weary ages
They ’ve toiled along the years.

“So when upon the ocean
They launched their ships at last,
We whispered, ‘We will lead them
Where sorrow shall be past.’

“For we had seen the island
Uplift its palms in air,
And known it for that Eden
Where never comes despair.

“So round their ships we rippled,
And chased the winds at play,
Still hoping we might bring them
To that land far away.

“But ever are we baffled :
By adverse currents whirled,
To other oceans drifting,
Or on the breakers hurled,

“We see the vain endeavor,
We hear the hopeless cry,
While still through fruitless labors
They seek, find not, and die.

“And yet each wave that shoreward
Comes rippling up the bay
Has seen the vision splendid,—
That island far away.

“But still, with all our longing
That men this rest may gain,
Fate laughs at all our labor;
And ‘*false, devouring main*’

“Men call us, while so gladly
We would a pathway be
To lead them to this peaceful,
Fair island of the sea.

“But, ’stead of this, forever
Where priceless treasures sleep,
Fate whelms both ship and sailor
Beneath the moaning deep.

“This is the sea’s sad secret,—
That, do whate’er we may,
The goal of our endeavor
Still lies so far away.

“’T is this, if men but knew it,
That makes the sea’s low moan
In hours of weary longing,
So answer to their own.

“One age-long, endless struggle,
The unattained to gain,
The ever onward reaching,
And reaching still in vain,—

“This is the heart’s sad secret,
Wherever men may be;
And this—the heart’s deep echo,—
The secret of the sea.”

The Cat-Bird

THROUGH the night and through the day
Runs a babbling brook away,
'Neath the hill and to the river
Through the pasture, on forever.
Shadowy playmates still I see,
Rivalling the brooklet's glee;
And the cat-bird's voice I hear,
That so piqued my childhood's ear.
 Saucy, mocking cat-bird
 On the alder spray,
 Even now I hear thee,
 Though so far away.

Thou incarnate, wicked joy,
How I watched thee as a boy,—
Mocking with thy saucy call
Robin, jay, kingfisher, all,—
Picking up the varied notes
As they fell from feathery throats,

Screeching as in demon glee
Our astonishment to see!
 Ashen-coated cat-bird
 On the alder spray,
 Mocking all thy fellows
 Through the live-long day.

Thou highwayman of the wood,
Our New England Robin Hood,
Eating eggs thou did'st not lay,
Making other nests thy prey,
How with childish wrath we heard
Tales of thee, thou wicked bird,—
Of feathered maidens in distress,—
Longing still to make redress!
 But thou, saucy cat-bird
 On the alder spray,
 All our maledictions
 Mocked and jeered away!

Oft amid the leaves descried,
With thy pert head cocked one side,
Oddly jerking thy long tail,
How I 've heard thee jeer and rail,
Scolding on through all the weathers,

NOTE TO THIRD STANZA.—This stanza is intended to set forth the popular traditions as to the cat-bird's character. The author—as one of his lovers—is inclined to think all such slanderous rumors unfounded.

The Cat-Bird

Like a Carlyle dressed in feathers :
Then, to mock the mockery,
Thou would'st bubble o'er in glee.
 O thou cynic cat-bird,
 Mimicking mankind,
 All our whims and fancies
 Laughing down the wind !

Tragic, comic actor thou,
For thy stage an alder bough ;
Now, some borrowed joyous note
Pouring from thy feigning throat ;
Now, from wailing puss in sorrow,
Her alarm cry thou dost borrow ;
Till, to us bewildered, seems
Each but fancies of our dreams.
 Mimic actor, cat-bird,
 Thus thy betters do,
 Till 'tween good and evil
 Nothing seemeth true.

Cat-bird, but I love thee still,
By the brook-side, 'neath the hill,
Laughing, mocking in the trees,
Feathered Mephistopheles ;
Playing out thy varied part,
Mirroring the human heart ;

Fretting, scolding, scornful, then
Bursting out in joy again!

Good and evil cat-bird
On the alder spray,
Like thy contradictions
Run our lives away.

The Leaf

French of Arnault

FROM off thy frail stem broke,
Poor, withered leaf, and dead,
Where goest thou?

It said :

I know not. From the oak,
My sole support, the storm
Has torn my frost-browned form.
Since then, by fickle wind,
Zephyr or Aquilon,
From forest to the plain,
To vale from mountain-top,
I 'm hurried, driven on.
My path I never mind :
Where'er the breezes blow,
On land or on the main,
I go, nor care to stop.
I go where all things go,—
Where goes the beauteous rose,
Where the poet's laurel goes.

Only a Leaf

IT was only a little leaf,
That hung for a while on its bough:
It danced and fluttered; but life was brief,
And its place is vacant now.

It was only a little leaf:
Did it pay to live at all?
The sun smiled on it, the cold rains came,
And then it was doomed to fall.

It was only a little leaf;
But on it did shine the sun,
The winds did caress it, the birds did sing,
And it lived till its work was done.

It was only a little leaf,
But it took its gladsome part
In the great earth's life; and, at the last,
Earth clasped it to her heart.

Loneliness of Truth-Seeking

'T WAS ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
And brave its perils all alone.

He who from Palos, toward the west,
Sought for a new world o'er the sea,
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en love's reproaching tone :
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

God Made Our Lives to be a Song

GOD made our lives to be a song
Sweet as the music of the spheres,
That still their harmonies prolong
For him who rightly hears.

The heavens and the earth do play
Upon us, if we be in tune :
Winter shouts hoarse his roundelay,
And tender sweet pipes June.

But oftentimes the songs are pain,
And discord mars our harmonies :
Our strings are snapped by selfish strain,
And harsh hands break our keys.

But God *meant* music ; and we may,
If we will keep our lives in tune,
Hear the whole year sing roundelay,
December answering June.

God ever at His keyboard plays,
Harmonics, right ; and discords, wrong :
“He that hath ears,” and who obeys,
May hear the mystic song.

Pursuit

MY boyhood chased the butterfly,
Or, when the shower was gone,
Sought treasures at the rainbow's end,
That lured me, wandering on.
I caught nor bow nor butterfly,
Though eagerly I ran;
But in the chase *I found myself—*
The meaning of a man.

In later years I 've chased the good,
The beautiful, and true:
Mirage-like forms which take not shape,
They flit as I pursue.
But, while the endless chase I run,
I grow in life divine:
I miss th' ideals that I seek,
But *God himself is mine.*

In Common Things

SEEK not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with
snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see!
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door:
Bring love and justice home; and then, no
more,
Thou 'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought:
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common deeds build all that saints have
thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands
revealed;
While grass and flowers and stars spell out His
name.

The paradise men seek, the city bright
That gleams beyond the stars for longing
eyes,
Is only human goodness in the skies;
Earth's deeds, well done, glow into heavenly
light.

The Old Problem

SHE had just one wee bird in her nest,
And she loved it, oh, so dear!
She cooed o'er it, sang to it, brooded its rest,
And kept it from shadow of fear.

I saw the nest empty: the mother apart
Sat silent, with never a song;
The earth's oldest problem oppressed her
dumb heart,
Accusing the world of its wrong.

Infidelity

WHO is the infidel, but he who fears
To face the utmost truth, whate'er it
be?

Dreads God the light? and is his majesty
A shadow that in sunshine disappears?
Or leads he on the swift-ascending years
Into a light where men may plainer see?
He trusts him best, to whom the mystery
Hides nothing dangerous; who ever hears,

With faith unshaken, his new-uttered voice,
And knows it cannot contradict the truth
It in the old time spoke. Whate'er it
saith,

He fears not then, but bids his heart rejoice,
In old age trustful as he was in youth.
This only, though called infidel, is faith.

Caliban

SINCE man with his own heart must feel,
With his own eyes must see,
He makes the world in which he dwells
Or good or bad to be.

From his own substance, he secretes
His own enclosing shell,
And shapes the voices from without
That must life's meanings tell.

And, if the wondrous world is small
And mean to Caliban,
We only need to turn and ask,
What is it to a man?

Never Weary

L IFT thy white hands with welcome,
And clap them on the shore,
O thou, the never weary,
The young forevermore!

No lover loves his mistress
As I do love the sea,
Or hastes with such swift passion
As I do haste to thee.

Through all the year's long labor
I hear thee calling still:
As thou the moon obeyest,
I bow me to thy will.

My heart bends toward thee ever,
Acknowledging thy sway,
And echoes all thy moaning
To be so far away.

Men call thee false and fickle,
The all-devouring sea;
And shudder at thy caverns
With their dread mystery.

But thou to me art ever
The faithful and the fond,
Disclosing half thy beauty,
But hinting more beyond.

Thine infinite suggestion
Still lures me to thy side;
Thy quiet murmur soothes me;
I like thy stormy pride.

I like thee with thy frowning,
When on the shingly keys
Thy mighty hands are beating
The tempest's harmonies.

I like thee in thy slumber,
When heaves thy curving breast,
While thou dost breathe as gently
As babe when rocked to rest.

I choose thee for my mistress,
And yield thee all thy will;
Be gentle or be wrathful,
But I will love thee still.

Oh, when I am weary
Of all my little strife,
Thou tellest me a story
Of tireless, endless life.

Never Weary

Far back in primal æons
Thou laughedst as to-day;
And all the slow-paced ages
Smiled at thy youthful play.

Forever young thou seemest,
Thine eye undimmed by tears,
Thy green locks free and flowing
As in the earliest years.

I stretch my hands out to thee,
I lie upon thy breast,
And with thy tireless motion
Thou rockest me to rest.

My little life so weary
Thy croon and thy caress
Soothe with the eternal whisper
That knows no weariness.

To me, my brain exhausted,
My energy grown dull,
Thy tide proclaims this gospel,—
God's cup is always full.

Where is God

“OH, where is the sea?” the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness
through.

“We ’ve heard from of old of the ocean’s tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be!”

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: “I see the light,
I look o’er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air.”

The Pescadero Pebbles

WHERE slopes the beach to the setting
sun,

On the Pescadero shore,
Forever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white hands,
And chafing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest:
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care
For those whose rest has been the least;
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks and sea ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
In quiet evermore:
In dreams of everlasting peace,
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, rough, and jagged still,
They lie through idle years:
For they miss the beat of angry storms
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea,
And the pebble becomes a gem.
Too fortunate, from sorrow free,
Souls miss their diadem.

Going to Sleep

AFTER the day's long playing,
Tired as tired can be,
My baby girl comes saying,
"Papa, will you rock me?"

The busy works of daytime
Allure her now no more;
The books and toys of playtime
Are scattered round the floor.

Off now with shoe and stocking,
Off with the crumpled dress:
She 's ready now for rocking,
For crooning and caress.

And slowly sinking, sinking,
The night comes down the skies;
While drooping, opening, winking,
Sleep settles on her eyes.

She does not fear the sleeping:
Out o'er the sea of dark,
Close held in papa's keeping,
She drifts in her frail bark.

No matter for the morrow,
Enough that papa knows;
With smile undimmed by sorrow,
Out in the dark she goes.

So should it be with dying:
Drop earthly cares and fears;
In Father's arms you 're lying;
Look up with smiles, not tears.

You know not of the waking?
Be not with fear beguiled;
For, when the morning's breaking,
He 'll not forget his child.

Life from Death

HAD one ne'er seen the miracle
Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
And moanings through the tree-tops go;
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
On hard-fought fields the summer died:
Its banners now are stripped and bare
Of even autumn's fading pride.

Yet, on the gust that surges by,
I read a pictured promise: soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
Will melt into luxuriant June.

Galileo

YES, Galileo, yes, "the world does move!"
When, on thy knees, in Europe's twilight
hour,

Thou bendedst 'neath the priesthood's iron
power,
Who dreamed that force thy truth untruth
could prove,—

E'en then, swift onward in its viewless groove
Of air, the old earth sped through shine and
shower;

Until, long hid, thy seed burst into flower,
And sprang up glad to greet the heavens above.

And swifter yet, since that disgraceful day,
The world of thought has swept its orbit
through,
Till brighter skies look down on freer
lands.

The shackles of the brain now rust away;
The Inquisition fades from human view,
And in its place th' Observatory stands.

Magellan

O GRAND Magellan, fixing thy firm gaze
Upon God's shadow in the upper sky,
While Churchmen call thy faith impiety,
And hurl their curse along the ocean ways
Thy keel is cutting toward the west, where
blaze

New constellations over unknown seas, and
lie

Worlds undiscovered in a mystery
Unlifted, though the ages pass like days!

"The world is flat, for so the Scriptures read!"

"Nay!" cries the hero. "In the moon's
eclipse,

The earth's round shadow on its face I see!
I read God's works, which are his book indeed,
And trust the hint that falleth from his lips
More than all man's infallibility."

Kepler

IF God himself six thousand years could wait
Till I was born to comprehend the scheme
Of his wide-ranging worlds, I must not deem,
Though long delayed, the recognition late
Which comes to me, the seer. Slow-footed
fate

Is not quite moveless; and the age-long
dream

Of night and darkness now the first faint
gleam

Of morning pierces. On the dial-plate

The sun moves his bright finger; and at last

The stars, long playing on the brain of man,
Have set his thoughts in motion, to keep
time

With their majestic dance across the vast

Blue floor of heaven, threading out the plan
Of God's eternal symphony sublime.

Darwin

O GOD, thy "Holy Church infallible"
Did place thee on the "Index," in the
name

Of thy son Kepler, who with single aim
Sought out thy starry steps, and dared to tell
Thy secret, that the world had failed to spell
For ages. And now, once again, the shame
Of thy true prophet, banned with evil fame,
The chorus of the Church's curse doth swell.

But, as did Kepler, so hath Darwin done!
With childlike seeking, he found out the
way
Where God's mysterious feet had trod
before,
And humbly followed. Planet thus and sun
Hold one's high fame in keeping; and for
aye
Men's loving lips will tell the other o'er.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

BESIDE the ocean, wandering on the shore,
I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me,
I may not care to reason out their lore;
Among the mountains, whose bright summits
o'er

The flush of morning brightens, there may
be

Only a sense of might and majesty;
And yet a thrill of infinite life they pour

Through all my being, and uplift me high
Above my little self and weary days.

So, in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky,
While mountainous thoughts tower o'er life's
common ways,
And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

All Things New

KOPERNIK'S thought a new world made,
Though Ptolemy's stars still shone.
New eyes a new religion gave,
Yet not a truth was gone.

“Members One of Another”

FROM slums, where foul diseases hide,
The free winds travel far and wide.

The rich man living on the square
Throws wide his windows for the air.

His petted child, with every breath,
Drinks in the viewless seeds of death.

The rich man, bowed down by his woe,
Wonders why God should send the blow.

The parson wonders too, and prays,
And talks of “God’s mysterious ways.”

But know, O man of high estate,
Your ’re bound up with the poor man’s fate.

The winds that enter at your door
Have crept across his attic floor.

If you would have “all well” with you,
Then must you seek his welfare too.

If even selfishness were wise,
It would no other life despise.

Compensation

I HEARD a voice complaining,
“Man is to sorrow born :
No rose in any garden
But hides a piercing thorn !”

Then one bowed down by sorrow,
And bruised by fortune's blows,
Through tears made answer smiling,
“No thorn but has its rose !”

Wisdom and Beauty

THESE sweet-lipped women rule the world :
For, howe'er men may teach,
Their beauty thrills a million souls
Man's wisdom cannot reach.

Man's Critic

HOWEVER wise a man may be,
So long as he is only human,
He may not trust his destiny
Till criticised by some true woman.

Mrs. Poyser on Women

“THE women all are witless!” thus he cried :
“I ’ve said it often, and I say ’t again.”

“I ’m quite of your opinion,” she replied :

“The Almighty made ’em fools to match the
men.”

Fortune

A FAIR and stately china vase,
With choicest flowers fragrant,
Sneered at an earthen jar, as base,
Declaring it a vagrant.

The jar, with modest mien, replied,
"The virtue thou art rich in
Might suffer, spite of parlor pride,
Wert thou but in the kitchen."

The Shadow on the Beach

I SEE it in the twilight
Still moving to and fro,
A shadow tall and stately,
With graceful step and slow.

I see it in the moonshine;
And then its texture bright
Seems woven of the glimmer
That makes the summer night.

I see it when, low trailing,
The fog shuts out the bay,
And in the lighthouse flickers
The ghost-lamp far away.

I see it, tall and graceful,
Glide o'er the hard beach sand,
While, with their wistful sweetness,
Her eyes turn where I stand.

Her lips move as in speaking,
But yet no sound is heard;
And, though I long to answer,
My pulse alone is stirred.

208 The Shadow on the Beach

I know it is not dreaming,
 And yet she is not there,
Though back and forth it paces,
 The shadow sweet and fair.

And that it is a shadow
 But makes the heart beat more,
As well I know her footstep
 No print leaves on the shore.

When now she stops before me,
 The buried years arise,
And all the past is looking
 From out the sad, sweet eyes.

Ah, would it were no shadow!
 Then might I take her hand,
And tell her all my story,
 And she would understand.

But, now, alas! where is she?
 I walk beside the main,
And she walks ever by me,—
 A shadow of the brain.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 574 0